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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington

[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]

Date of only known original edition 1601

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Vol. 83

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington

[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]

1601

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington

[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]

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This facsimile is from an original copy in the British Museum. There are other examples in Bodley and at South Kensington (Dyce).

For what is known of Munday see the "D.N.B.," but as I have already pointed out the bibliography there given of the subject of the memoir is not always accurate.

The present reproduction is, subject to the usual limitations of collotype, very well done indeed. Here and there is observable the barest tendency to excess in tone, but beyond that there is little, if anything, on which to remark.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE DEATH OF ROBERT, EARLE OF HVNTINGTON.

(***)

OTHERWISE CALLED
Robin Hood of merrie Sherwodde:
with the lamentable Tragedie of chaſte
MATILDA, his faire maid MARIAN,
poyſoned at Dunmowe by King
IOHN.

Acted by the Right Honourable, the Earle of
Notingham, Lord high Admirall of
England, his ſervants.

¶ Imprinted at London, for *William Leake*, 1601.

THE DEATH OF ROBERT, EARLE OF HVNTINGTON.

(***)

¶ Enter Frier *Tucke*.

SCEANE. I.

Frier.

Olla, holla, holla: follow, follow, followe. Like noyse within.

Now benedicite, what fewle absurditie, follie, a foolerie had like to followed mee! I & my mates, like addle pates, inuiting great States, to see our last play, are hunting the hay, with ho, that way, the goodly Heart ranne, with followe little Iohn, Much play the man; and I, like a sot, haue wholly forgot the course of our plot: but crosse-bowe ye downe, come on Friers gowne, hoode couer my crowne, and with a lowe becke, preuent a sharpe checke.

Blithe sit yee all, and winke at our rude cry,
Winde where wee left, in Sheerewod merrily,
The king, his traine, Robin, his yeomen tall
Gone to the woode to see the fat deare fall:
Wee left maid Marian busie in the bower,
And prettie Iinny looking, euery howre,

For their returning from the hunting game,
And therefore seeke to set each thing in frame.
Warman all wofull for his sinne we left.
Sir Doncaster, whose villanies and theft,
You neuer heard of, but too soone yee shall,
Hurt with the Prior; shame them both befall,
They two will make our mirth be short and small.
But least I bring yee sorrowe ere the time,
Pardon I beg of your well iudging eyne,
And take in part bad prologue, and rude play:
The hunters holloo, Tucke must needes away.
Therefore downe weede, howe doe the deede, to make
the Stagge bleede, and if my hand speede, hey for a cry,
w a throate strained hie, & a lowde yall, at the beasts
fall. *Exit.* Holloo within

Enter King, *Ely*, *Fitzwater*, *Salsbury*, *Chester*,
Prince *Iohn*, little *Iohn*, *Scathlocke*.

Kin. Where is our mother?
Pr. Iohn. Mounted in a stand.
Six fallowe deere haue dyed by her hand.
Fitz. Three Stags I slewe.
Ely. Two Bucks by me fell downe.
Ches. As many dyed by mee.
Salſ. But I had three.
Prin. Scathlocke, wheres Much?
Sca. When last I saw him, may it please your Grace,
He and the Frier footed it apace.
Prin. Scathlocke, no Grace, your fellowe & plaine Iohn.
Lit. Ioh. I warrant you, Much will behere anone.
Pr. Thinkst thou little Iohn, that he must Iinny wed?
Lit. Ioh. No doubt he must.
Prin. Then to adorne his head, we shall haue hornes
good store.
King. God, for thy grace,

How

How could I misse the Stagge I had in chase?
Twice did I hit him in the very necke,
When backe my arrowes flewe, as they had smit
On some sure armour. Where is Robin Hood,
And ỹ wighte Scarlet? Seeke them little Iohn, Exit Iohn.
Ile haue that Stagge before I dine to day.

¶ Enter *Much*.

much. O the frier, the frier, the frier.

King. Why, how now Much?

Cry ye mercy, maister king. Marry this is the matter; Scarlet is following the Stagge you hit, and has almost long'd him: now the Frier has the best bowe, but yours, in all the field: which and Scarlet had, he would haue him straight.

Kin. Where is thy maister?

much. Nay, I cannot tell, nor the Frier neither.

Scath. I heare them holloo, farre off in the wood.

King. Come Much, canst lead vs where as Scarlet is?

Muc. Neuer feare you; follow me. *Exeunt*, hollooing.

SCEANE. II.

¶ Enter sir *Doncaster*, Prior.

Don. You were resolued to haue him poysoned,
Or kild, or made away, you car'd not how.
What deuell makes you doubtfull now to doo't?

Pri. Why Doncaster? his kindnesse in our needes.

Don. A plague vpon his kindnesse, let him die.
I neuer tempred poyson in my life, but I employd it.
By th'masse and I loose this,
For euer looke to loose my company.

Pri. But will you giue it him?

Don. That cannot bee.
The Queene, Earle Chester, and Earle Salsbury,
If they once see mee, I am a deade man:

Or did they heare my name, Ile lay my life,
They all would hunt me, for my life.
Pri. What hast thou done to them?
Don. Faith, some odde toyes,
That made me fly the south: but passe wee them:
Here is the poyson: will you giue it Robin?
Pri. Now by this gold I will.
Don. Or as I said, for euer I desire your company.
Pri. Well, he shall die, and in his follity:
And in my head I haue a policy
To make him die disgrac't.
Don. O tell it Prior.
Pri. I will, but not as now: Call the Frier within.
Weele seeke a place, the woods haue many eares,
And some me thinkes are calling for the Frier. *Exeunt.*

SCEANE. III.

¶ *Enter, calling the Frier, as afore.*

Ioh. The Frier, the Frier?
Scath. Why, where's this Frier?
Fri. Here sir. what is your desire?

¶ *Enter Robin Hoode.*

Rob. Why Frier, what a murren dost thou meane?
The King cals for thee. For, a mightie flagge,
(That hath a copper ring about his necke,
With letters on it, which hee would haue read)
Hath Scarlet kild. I pray thee goe thy way.
Fri. Master I will, no longer will I stay. *Exit.*
Rob. Good vnkle be more carefull of your health,
And you sir Doncaster, your wounds are greene.
Both. Through your great kindnes, we are cõforted.
Rob. And Warman, I aduise you to more mirth.
Shun solitary walkes, keepe company,
Forget your fault: I haue forgiuen the fault.
Good Warman be more blithe, and at this time,
A little helpe my Marian and her maide:

Much

much ſhall come to you ſtraight: a little now̄,
We muſt al ſtriue to doe the beſt we may. Exit, winding.
War. On you and her Ile waite, vntill my dying day.
Exeunt, and as they are going out, *Doncaſter* puls *Warman*,
Don. Warman a word. My good Lord Prior and I
Are full of griefe, to ſee thy miſery.
War. My miſery, ſir Doncaſter? why? I thanke God,
I neuer was in better ſtate than now.
Pri. Why, what a ſeruile ſlauiſh minde haſt thou?
Art thou a man, and canſt be ſuch a beaſt,
Aſſe like to beare the burthen of thy wrong?
War. What wrong haue I? Ile wrong to be relieu'd:
Don. Relieu'd ſaiſt thou?
Why, ſhallow witted foole,
Doſt thou not ſee Robins ambitious pride?
And how he clymes by pittying, and aſpires,
By humble lookes, good deedes, and ſuch fond toyes,
To be a monarch, raigning ouer vs,
As if wee were the vaſſals to his will?
War. I am his vaſſall, and I will be ſtill.
Pri. Warman, thou art a foole. I doe confeſſe,
Were theſe good deedes done in ſinceritie,
Pittie of minde, thine or this knights diſtreſſe,
Without vaine brags, it were true charitie:
But to relieue our fainting bodies wants,
And grieue our ſoules with quippes, and bitter braids,
Is good turnes ouerturnd: no thanks wee owe
To any, whatſoeuer helps vs ſo.
War. Neither himſelfe, nor any that hee keepes,
Euer vpbraided mee, ſince I came laſt.
Don. O God haue mercie on thee, ſilly aſſe.
Doth he not ſay vs euery gueſt that comes;
This ſame is Warman, that was once my ſteward?
War. And what of that?

Pri. Iſt not as much to ſay;
Why, here he ſtands that once did mee betray.
Don. Did hee not bring a troope to grace himſelfe,
Like Captiues waiting on a conquerours chaire,
And calling of them out, by one and one,
Preſented them, like fairings, to the king?
Pri. O, I: there was a rare inuention:
A plague vpon the foole.
I hate him worſe for that than all the reſt.
War. Why ſhould you hate him? why ſhould you or you,
Enuie this noble Lord, thus as you doe?
Don. May rather, why doſt thou not ioyne in hate
With vs, that lately liu'dſt like vs, in wealthy ſtate?
Remember this, remember foolish man,
How thou haſt bene the Shriene of Nottingham.
Pri. Cry to thy thoughts, let this thought neuer ceaſe,
I haue bene Iuſtice of my Soueraignes peace,
Lord of faire liuings: men with cap and knee,
In liueries waited howerly on mee.
Don. And when thou thinkſt, thou haſt bene ſuch a ſuch,
Thinke then what tis to be a mate to Much,
To runne when Robin bids, come at his call,
Be miſtreſſe Marians man.
Pri. May thinke withall
War. What ſhall I thinke? but thinke vpon my need,
When men fed dogs, and me they would not feede:
When I deſpaird through want, and ſought to die,
My pitious maſter, of his charitie,
Forgaue my fault, relieu'd and ſaued mee:
This doe I thinke vpon, and you ſhould thinke
(If you had hope of ſoules ſaluation)
First Prior, that he is of thy fleſh and bloode,
That thou art vnkle vnto Robin Hoode:
That by extortion thou diddſt get his lands:
God, and I know how it came to thy hands:

How

How thou purſu'dſt him in his miſery,
And how heauen plagu'd thy hearts extreamitie:
Thinke Doncaſter, when, hired by this Prior,
Thou cam'ſt to take my maſter with the Frier,
And wert thy ſelfe tane, how he let thee free,
Gaue thee an hundred pound to comfort thee,
And both bethinke yee how but yeſterday,
Wounded and naked in the fielde you lay,
How with his owne hand he did raiſe your heads,
Powrd balme into your wounds, your bodies fed,
Watcht when yee ſlept, wept when he ſawe your woe,
Don. Stay Warman, ſtay: I graunt that he did ſo,
And you, turnd honeſt, haue forſworne the villaine?
War. Euen from my ſoule, I villany deſie.
Pri. A bleſſed hower: a fit time now to die:
Don. And you ſhall, Conſcience. Stab him, he fals.
War. O forgiue mee, God,
And ſaue my maſter from their bloodie hands.
Pri. What, haſt thou made him ſure?
Don. Yes deade ſure: he is dead, if that be ſure.
Pri. Then let vs thruſt the dagger in his hand,
And when the next comes, cry he kild himſelfe.
Don. That muſt be now: ponder comes Robin Hood.
No life in him.
Pri. No, no, not any life.
Three mortall wounds haue let in piercing ayre,
And at their gaps, his life is cleane let out.
Rob. Who is it vncle that you ſo bemone?
Pri. Warman, good nephew, whom ſir Doncaſter & I
Found freſhly bleeding, as he now doth lye.
You were ſcarce gone, when he did ſtab himſelfe.
Ro. O God, he in his own hand houlds his own harts hurt
I dreaded too much his diſtreſſed looke:
Belike the wretch deſpaird, and ſlewe himſelfe.
Don. Nay, thats moſt ſure, yet he had little reaſon,

Conſidering how well you vſed him.
Rob. Well, I am ſorie; but muſt not be ſad,
Becauſe the King is comming to my bower.
Helpe mee, I pray thee, to remoue his bodie,
Leaſt he ſhould come and ſee him murdered.
Sometime anone he ſhall be buried. Exit.
Pri. Good, all is good: this is as I deſire.
Now for a face of pure hypocriſie:
Sweete murder, cloath thee in religious weedes,
Raigne in my boſome, that with helpe of thee,
I may effect this Robins Tragedie.

¶ Enter *Robin*, *Doncaſter*.

Do. Nay, nay, you muſt not take this thing ſo heauily,
Rob. A bodies loſſe, ſir Doncaſter, is much:
But a ſoules too, is more to be bemon'd.
Pri. Truly I wonder at your vertuous minde:
O God to one ſo kinde, who ud be vnkinde!
Let goe this griefe, now muſt you put on ioy,
And for the many fauours I haue found,
So much exceeding all conceipt of mine,
Vnto your cheere, Ile adde a pretious drinke,
Of colour rich, and red, ſent mee from Rome,
There's in it Moly, Syrian Baliamum,
Golds rich Elixer: O tis pretious!
Rob. Where is it vncle?
Pri. As yeſterday,
Sir Doncaſter and I rid on our way,
Theeues did beſet vs, bound vs as you ſaw:
And among other things, did take from mee,
This rich confection: but regardleſſy,
As common drinke, they caſt, into a bush,
The bottle, which this day ſir Doncaſter
Fetcht, and hath left it in the inner lodging:
I tell you coſin (I doe loue you well)
A pint of this ranſomde the Sophies ſonne,

When

When he was taken in Natolia.
I meant indeede to giue it my liege Lord,
In hope to haue his fauour: but to you
I put my selfe, be my good friend,
And, in your owne reskuing, mee reskue.
Rob. Unkle I will, you needs vrge that no more.
But whats the vertues of this pretious drinke?
Pri. It keepes fresh youth, restores diseased sight.
Helps natures weakenesse, smothes the scars of woūds,
And cooles the intrals with a balmie breath,
When they by thirst or trauell boyle with heate.
Rob. Unkle I thanke you, pray you let me haue
A cuppe prepared, gainst the king comes in,
To coole his heate. my selfe will giue it him.
Pri. And when he drinkes, be bold to say he drinkes
A richer draught than that dissolued pearle,
Which Cleopatra dranke to Antonie.
Rob. I haue much businesse; let it be your charge,
To make this rich draught readie for the King,
And I will quit it, pray yee doe not faile. Exit.
Pri. I warrant you, good Nephew.
Don. Better, and better still.
We thought before but to haue poysond him,
And now shall Robin Hoode destroy the king.
Euen when the King, & Queene, the Prince, the Lords
Joy in his vertues, this supposed vice
Will turne, to sharpe hate, their exceeding loue.
Pri. Ha, ha, ha, I cannot chuse but laugh,
To see my cosin cosend in this sort.
Faile him quoth you? nay hang mee if I doe.
But Doncaster art sure the poysons are well mixt?
Don. Tut, tut, let me alone for poysoning:
I haue alreadie turnd ore foure, or fiue,
That angerd mee. But tell mee Prior,
Wherefore so deadly dost thou hate thy cosin?

Pri. Shall I be plaine? Becauſe if he were deade,
I ſhould be made the Earle of Huntington.
Don. A prettie cauſe: But thou a church-man art.
Pri. Tut man, if that would fall,
Ile haue a diſpenſation, and turne temporall.
But tell mee Doncaſter, why doſt thou hate him?
Don. By the Maſſe, I cannot tel. O yes, now I ha't,
I hate thy couſin, Earle of Huntington,
Becauſe ſo many loue him as there doe,
And I my ſelfe am loued of ſo fewe.
Nay, I haue other reaſons for my hate:
Hee is a foole, and will be reconcilde,
To anie foe hee hath: he is too milde,
Too honeſt for this world, fitter for heauen:
Hee will not kill theſe greedie cormorants,
Nor ſtrippe baſe peſants of the wealth they haue:
He does abuſe a thieues name and an outlawes,
And is indeede no outlawe, nor no theefe,
He is vnworthy of ſuch reuerent names.
Beſides, he keepes a paltry whinling girle,
And will not bed, forſooth, before he bride:
Ile ſtand too't, he abuſes maidenhead,
That will not take it, being offered:
Hinders the common wealth of able men.
Another thing I hate him for againe:
He ſaies his praiers, faſts eues, giues alms, does good:
For theſe and ſuch like crimes, ſweares Doncaſter,
To worke the ſpeedie death of Robin Hoode.
Pri, Well ſaid yfaith. Harke, hark, the king returns:
To doe this deede, my heart like fuel burns. Exeunt.

SCEANE. IIII.

¶ Winde hornes. Enter King, Queene, *Iohn*, *Fitzwater*, *Ely*, *Cheſter*, *Salſbury*, *Leſter*, little *Iohn*, Frier *Tuck*, *Scarlet*, *Scathlocke*, and *Much*, Frier *Tuck* carrying a Stags head, dauncing.

King.

King. Gramercy Frier for thy glee,
Thou greatly hast contented mee,
What with thy sporting and thy game,
I sweare I highly pleased am.
Fri. It was my masters whole desire
That maiden, yeoman, swaine and frier
Their arts and wits should all apply,
For pleasure of your Maiestie.
Qu. Sonne Richard, looke I pray you on the ring,
That was about the necke of the last stagge.
Chest. Was his name Scarlet, that shot off his necke?
Iohn. Chester, it was this honest fellow Scarlet:
This is the fellowe, and a yeoman bold,
As euer court the swift Hart on the molde.
King. Frier, here's somewhat grau'd vpon the Ring,
I pray thee reade it. Meane while list to mee;
This while, most compassing the Frier about the Ring.
Scarlet and Scathlock, you bold brethren,
Twelue pence a day I giue each for his fee,
And henceforth see yee liue like honest men.
Both. We will my Liege, else let vs dye the death.
Much. A boone, a boone, vpon my knee,
Good king Richard, I begge of thee.
For indeede sir, the troth is, much is my father, and hee is one of your tenants in Kings Mill at Wakefield all on a greene: There dwelleth a iolly pinder, at Wakefield all on a greene: Now I would haue you, if you will doe so much for mee, to set mee forward in the way of marriage to Linny: the mill would not be cast away vpon vs.
King. Much, be thou euer master of that mill,
I giue it thee for thine inheritance.
Much. Thanks pretious Prince of curtesie.
Ile to Inny, and tell her of my lands praith. *Exit*
Iohn. Here Frier, here, here it begins,

Fri. read. When Harold hare-foote raigned king,
About my necke he put this ring.

King. In Harolds time, moze than a hundzed peare,
Hath this ring bene about this newe ſlaine Deere!
I am ſozy now it dyde: but let the ſame
Head, ring and all be ſent to Notingham,
And in the Caſtle kept foz monuments.

Fitz. My Liege, I heard an olde tale long agoe,
That Harold being Goodwins ſonne of Kent,
When he had got faire Englands gouernment,
Hunted foz pleaſure once within this wood,
And ſingled out a faire and ſtately Stagge,
Which foote to foote, the king in running caught:
And ſure this was the Stagge.

King. It was no doubt.

Cheſt. But ſome my Lozd affirme,
That Iulius Cæſar many peares befoze,
Tooke ſuch a Stag, and ſuch a Poeſie wzit,

King. It ſhould not be in Iulius Cæſars time:
There was no Engliſh vſed in this Land,
Untill the Saxons came, and this is wzit
In Saxon characters.

Ioh. Well, 'twas a goodly beaſt.

¶ Enter *Robin Hoode.*

King. How now earle Robert?

Fri. A fozfet, a fozfet, my liege Lozd.
My maſters lawes are on recozd,
The Court-roll here your Grace may ſee.

King. I pzay thee Frier, read them mee.

Fri. One ſhall ſuffice, and this is hee.
No man that commeth in this wod,
To feaſt, oz dwell with Robin Hood,
Shall call him Earle, Lozd, Knight, oz Squire,
He no ſuch titles doth deſire,
But Robin Hood, plaine Robin Hoode,

That

That honeſt yeoman ſtout and good,
On paine of forfetting a marke,
That muſt be paid to mee his Clarke,
My liege, my liege, this lawe you broke,
Almoſt in the laſt word you ſpoke.
That crime may not acquited bee,
Till Frier Tuck receiue his fee. (Caſts him purſe.

King. Theres more than twenty marks, mad Frier,

Fri. If thus you pay ỹ Clarke his hire,
Oft may you forfet, I deſire.
You are a perfect penitent,
And well you doe your wrong repent:
For this your Highneſſe liberall gift,
I here abſolue you without ſhrift.

King. Gramercies Frier. Now Robin Hood,
Sith Robin Hood it needes muſt bee,
I was about to aſke before,
If thou didſt ſee the great Stags fall.

Rob. I did my Lord, I ſawe it all.
But miſſing this ſame prating Frier,
And hearing you ſo much deſire
To haue the lozels companie,
I went to ſeeke Small honeſtie.

Fri. But you found much, when you found mee.

Rob. I, Much my man: but not a iot
Of honeſtie in thee, God wot.

Qu. Robin, you doe abuſe the Frier.

Fri. Madam, I dare not call him lyer,
He may be bold with mee, he knowes.
How now Prince Iohn, how goes, how goes
This wod-mans life with you to day?
My fellow Wodnet you would bee.

Ioh. I am thy fellowe, thou doſt ſee:
And to be plaine, as God me ſaue,
So well I like thee, merry knaue,

That I thy company muſt haue?
Nay, and I will.
Fri. Nay, and you ſhall.
Rob. My Lord, you neede not feare at all,
But you ſhall haue his company,
He will be bold I warrant you.
King. Know you where ere a ſpring is nie?
Faine would I drink, I am right dry.
Rob. I haue a drinke within my bower,
Of pleaſing taſte, and ſoueraigne power:
My reuerend vncle giues it mee,
To giue vnto your Maieſtie.
King. I would be loath indeede, being in heate,
To drinke cold water. Let vs to thy bower.
Ro. Runne Frier before, & bid my vnkle be in readines.
Fr. Gon vó a trice, on ſuch good buſineſſe. *Exeũt omnes.*

SCEANE. V.

¶ *Enter Marian, with a white apron.*

Mar. What Much? What Iinny? Much? I ſay.
Much. Whats the matter miſtreſſe?
Mar. I pray thee ſee, the fueller
Suffer the cooke to want no woode.
Good Lord, where is this idle girle?
Why Iinny?
Within. I come forſooth.
Mar. I pray thee bring the flowers forth.
Much. Ile goe ſend her miſtres, and help the cookes, if they haue any neede. Exit Much.
Mar. Diſpatch good Much. What Iin I ſay?

¶ *Enter Iinny.*

Much. Hie yee, hie yee: the cals for life.
Mar. Indeede, indeede, you doe me wrong,
To let me cry, and call ſo long.

Iinny

Iin. Forſooth, I ſtrawed the dining bowers.
And ſmoth'd the walkes with hearbes & flowers,
The yeomens tables I haue ſpred,
Deſt ſalts, laid trenchers, ſet on bread:
May all is well, I warrant you.
Mar. You are not well I promiſe you,
Your ſeruiceleeues are not pind (fie, fie)
And all your hed-geere ſtands awry.
Giue me the flowers: Goe in for ſhame,
And quickly ſee you mend the ſame. Exit Iinny.
Marian ſtrewing flowers. Enter ſir *Doncaſter*, prior.
Don. How buſie miſtreſſe Marian is?
She thinkes this is her day of bliſſe.
Pri. But it ſhall be the wofull'ſt day
That euer chaunc't her, if I may.
Mar. Why are you two thus in the ayre?
Your wounds are greene,
Good cuz haue care.
Pri. Thanks for your kindneſſe, gentle maid.
My coſin *Robert* vs hath prayd,
To helpe him in this buſineſſe.
¶ *Enter Frier.*
Fri. Sir Doncaſter, ſir Doncaſter?
Don. Holla.
Fri. I pray you, did you ſee the Prior?
Pri. Why, here I am. What would'ſt thou Frier.
Fri. The king is heated in the chace,
And poſteth hitherward apace.
He told my maſter he was dry,
And hee deſires ye, preſently
To ſend the drinke whereof ye ſpake. Hornes blowe.
Pri. Come, it is here; haſte let vs make
Exeunt Prior, and Frier.
¶ Enter King, *Iohn*, Queene, *Scarlet*, *Scathlocke*, *Ely*, *Fitzwater*, *Salſbury*, *Cheſter*. *Marian* kneeles downe.

Mar. Moſt gratious Soueraigne, welcome once againe:
Welcome to you, and all your princely traine.
King. Thanks louely hoſteſſe: we are homely gueſts.
Wheres Robin Hood? He promiſed me ſome drinke.
Mar. Your handmaid, Robin will not then be long.
The Frier indeede came running to his bukle,
Who with ſir Doncaſter were here with mee,
And altogether went for ſuch a drinke.
Kin. Well, in a better time it could not come,
For I am very hot and paſſing dry.
¶ Enter *Robin Hoode*, a cuppe, a towell, leading *Doncaſter*: *Tuck*, and *Much* pulling the Prior.
Rob. Traitor, Ile draw thee out before the king.
Fri. Come murderous Pryor.
Much. Come yee dogges face.
Ki. Why how now Robin? wheres ỹ drink you bring?
Rob. Lay holde on theſe.
Farre be it, I ſhould bring your Maieſtie,
The drinke theſe two prepared for your taſte.
King. Why Robin Hoode, be briefe and anſwere mee:
I am amazed at thy troubled lookes.
Rob. Long will not my ill lookes amaze your Grace.
I ſhortly looke, neuer to looke againe.
Mar. Neuer to looke? What will it ſtill be night?
If thou looke neuer, day can neuer be.
What ailes my Robin? Wherefore doſt thou faint?
Rob. Becauſe I cannot ſtand: yet now I can.
Thanks to my king, and thanks to Marian.
King. Robin be briefe, and tell vs what hath chanſt?
Rob. I muſt be briefe, for I am ſure of death,
Before a long tale can be halfe way tolde.
Fitz. Of death, my ſonne? bright ſunne of all my ioy?
Death cannot haue the power of vertuous life.
Rob. Not of the vertues, but the life it ſan. (die?
King. What doſt thou ſpeak of death? how ſhouldſt thou

Rob

Rob. By poiſon, and the Priors treachery.
Qu. Why, take this ſoueraigne powder at my hãds,
Take it and liue in ſpite of poyſons power.
Don. I, ſet him forward. Powders quoth ye? hah,
I am a foole then, if a little duſt,
The ſhauing of a horne, a Bezars ſtone,
Or any Antidote haue power to ſtay
The execution of my hearts reſolue.
Tut, tut, you labour lowly Queene, in vaine,
And on a thankleſſe groome your toyle beſtowe,
Now hath your foe reueng'd you of your foe:
Robin ſhall die, if all the world ſayd no.
Mar. How the Wolfe howles! Fly like a tender Kid
Into thy ſheepeheards boſome. Shield mee loue.
Canſt thou not Robin? Where ſhall I be hid?
O God, theſe Rauens will ſeaze vpon thy Doue.
Rob. They cannot hurt thee, pray thee doe not feare,
Baſe curres will couch, the Lyon being neare.
Qu. How workes my powder?
Rob. Very well, faire Queene.
King. Doſt thou feele any eaſe?
Rob. I ſhall, I truſt, anone.
Sleepe falls vpon mine eyes.
O I muſt ſleepe, & they that loue me, do not waken me.
Mar. Sleepe in my lap, and I will ſing to thee.
Ioh. He ſhould not ſleepe.
Rob. I muſt, for I muſt die:
While I liue therfore let me haue ſome reſt.
Fitz. I, let him reſt, the poyſon vrges ſleepe.
When he awakes, there is no hope of life.
Don. Of life? now by the little time I haue to liue,
He cannot liue one howre for your liues.
King. Villaine what art thou?
Don. Why, I am a knight.
Cheſt. Thou wert indeede.

If it ſo pleaſe your Grace,
I will deſcribe my knowledge of this wretch.
Kin. Doe Cheſter.
Cheſt. This Doncaſter, for ſo the fellon hight,
Was, by the king your father, made a knight,
And well in armes he did himſelfe behaue,
Many a bitter ſtorme, the winde of rage
Blaſted this Realme with, in thoſe woful daies,
When the vnnaturall fights continued,
Betweene your kingly father and his ſonnes.
This cut-throat, knighted in that time of woe,
Seaz'd on a beautious Nunne, at Barkhamſted,
As wee were marching toward Wincheſter,
After proud Lincolne was compeld to yield,
Hee tooke this virgine straying in the field:
For all the Nunnes and euery Couent fled
The daungers that attended on our troopes.
For thoſe ſad times too oft did teſtifie,
Wars rage hath no regard of pietie,
She humbly praid him, for the loue of heauen,
To guid her to her fathers, two miles thence.
He ſwore he would, and very well he might:
For to the campe he was a Forager.
Vpon the way they came into a wood,
Wherein, in briefe, he ſtript this tender maid:
Whoſe luſt, when he in vaine had long withſtood,
Being by ſtrength and torments ouerlaid,
He did a ſacrilegious deede of rape,
And left her bath'd in her owne teares and blood.
When ſhe reuiu'd, ſhe to her fathers got,
And got her father to make luſt complaint,
Vnto your mother, being then in campe.
Qu. Is this the villaine Cheſter, that defilde
Sir Euſtace Stutuiles chaſt and beautious childe?
Don. Madam, this is hee,

That

That made a wench daunce naked in a wood:
And for thee did denie what I deſirde,
I ſcourg'd her for her pride, till her faire ſkinne
With ſtripes was checkred like a vintners grate.
And what was this? I might matter ſure,
I haue a thouſand more than ſhe deſirde,
And cut the ſqueaking throats of ſome of them:
I grieue I did not hirs,
Qu. Punish him Richard.
A fairer virgine neuer ſawe the ſunne.
A chaſter maid was neuer ſworne a Nunne.
King. How ſcap't the villaine punishment, that time?
Fitz. I rent his ſpurres off, and diſgraded him.
Cheſt. And then he raild vpon the Queene and mee.
Being committed, he his keeper ſlue,
And to your father fled, who pardond him.
Rich. God giue his ſoule a pardon for that ſinne.
Salſ. O had I heard his name, or ſeene his face,
I had defended Robin from this chance.
Ah villaine, ſhut thoſe gloomy lights of thine.
Remembrſt thou a little ſonne of mine,
Whoſe nurſe at Wilton firſt thou raviſhedſt,
And ſlew'ſt two maids that did attend on them?
Don. I grant, I dasht the braines out of a brat,
Thine if he were, I care not: had he bin
The firſt borne comfort of a royall king,
And ſhould haue palde when Doncaſter cried peace,
I would haue done by him as then I did.
King. Soone ſhall the world be rid of ſuch a wretch,
Let him be hangd aliue, in the high way, that ioyneth to the power.
Don. Aliue or deade, I reck not how I die.
You, them, and theſe, I deſperately deſie.
Ely. Repent, or neuer looke to be abſolu'd,
But die accurſt as thou deſerueſt well.

Don. Then giue me my deſert; curſe one by one.
Ely. Firſt I accurſe thee, and, if thou perſiſt,
Vnto damnation leaue thee wretched man.
Don. What doe I care for your damnation?
Am I not doom'd to death? what more damnation
Can there inſue your loud and yelling cryes?
Pri. Yes diuell: heare thy fellowe ſpirit ſpeake,
Who would repent; O faine he would repent,
After this bodies bitter punishment,
There is an euer-during endleſſe woe,
A quenchleſſe fire, an vnconſuming paine,
Which deſperate ſoules and bodies muſt indure.
Don. Can you preach this, yet let me on ſir Priore,
To runne into this endleſſe, quenchleſſe fier:
Pri. High heauens shewe mercie to my many ils.
Neuer had this bene done, but like a fiend,
Thou temptedſt me with ceaſeleſſe diueliſh thoughts.
Therefore I curſe, with bitterneſſe of ſoule,
The bower wherein I ſaw thy balefull eyes.
My eyes I curſe, for looking on thoſe eyes.
My eares I curſe, for harkning to thy tongue.
I curſe thy tongue for tempting of myne eares.
Each part I curſe, that wee call thine or mine:
Thine for enticing mine, mine following thine.
Don. A holy prayer. what Collect haue we next?
This time *Robin* ſtirres.
Fitz. My Marian wanteth words, ſuch is her woe:
But old *Fitz*water for his girle and him
Begs nothing, but worlds plague for ſuch a foe,
Which cauſeleſſe harmd a vertuous noble man,
A pitier of his griefes, when he felt griefe:
Therefore bethinke thee of thy hatefull deede,
Thou faithleſſe Priore, and thou this ruthleſſe theefe.
Pri. Will no man curſe me, giuing ſo much cauſe?
Then Doncaſter, our ſelues our ſelues accurſe,

And

And let no good betide to thee or mee.
All the yeomen, Frier, Much, Iinny cry;
All. Amen, amen: accurſed may ye bee,
For murdring Robin, flower of curteſie.

Robin ſits vp.

Rob. O ring not ſuch a peale for Robins death,
Let ſweete forgiueneſſe be my paſſing bell.
Art thou there Marian? then ſly forth my breath:
To die within thy armes contents me well.
Pri. Keepe in, keepe in a little while thy ſoule,
Till I haue powr'd my ſoule forth at thy feete.
Rob. I ſlept not vnkle, I your griefe did heare,
Let him forgiue your ſoule that bought it deare:
Your bodies deede, I in my death forgiue,
And humbly begge the king that you may liue.
Stand to your Cleargie vnkle, ſaue your life,
And lead a better life than you haue done.
Pri. O gentle Nephew, eh my brothers ſonne,
Thou dying glory of old Huntington,
Wiſheſt thou life to ſuch a murderous foe?
I will not liue, ſith thou muſt life forgoe.
Oh happie Warman, bleſſed in thy end,
Now too too late thy truth I doe commend.
O Nephew, Nephew, Doncaſter and I
Murdred poore Warman, for he did denie
To ioyne with vs in this blacke tragedy.
Rob. Alas poore Warman. Frier, little Iohn,
I told ye both where Warmans bodie lay:
And of his buriall Ile diſpoſe anone.
King. Is there no lawe, Lord Ely, to conuict,
This Prior, that confeſſeth murders thus?
Ely. He is a hallowed man, and muſt be tried,
And puniſht by the cenſure of the Church.
Pri. The Church therein doth err: God doth allowe
No Canon to preſerue a murderers life.

Richard, king Richard,, in thy Grandsires daies,
A law was made, the Cleargie swore thereto,
That whatsoeuer Church-man did commit
Treason, or murder, or false felonie,
Should like a seculer be punished.
Treason we did, for sure we did intend
King Richards poisoning, Soueraigne of this land.
Murder we did in working Warmans end,
And my deare Nephewes, by this fatall hand.
And theft we did, for we haue robd the king,
The State, the Nobles, Commons, and his men,
Of a true Peere, firme Piller, liberall Lord.
Fitzwater we haue robd of a kinde sonne,
And Marians loue-lopes we haue quite vndoone.
Don. Whoppe, what a coyle is here to your confession?
Pri. I aske but iudgement for my soule transgression.
King. Thy own mouth hath condemned thee.
Hence with him.
Hang this man dead, then see him buried:
But let the other hang aline in chaines.
Don. I thanke you sir.
Exeunt yeomen, *Frier*, prisoners, *Much*.
Ioh. My selfe will goe, my Lord,
And see sharpe Iustice done vpon these slaues.
Rob. O goe not hence Prince Iohn: a word or two
Before I die, I faine would say to you.
King. Robin, wee see what we are sad to see,
Death like a champion treading downe thy life:
Yet in thy end somwhat to comfort thee,
Wee freely giue to thy betrothed wife,
Beautious and chast Matilda, all those lands,
Faine by thy folly, to the Priors hands,
And by his fault now forferted to mee:
Earle Huntington, she shall thy Countesse bee,
And thy wight yeomen, they shall wend with mee,

Against

Againſt the faithleſſe enemies of Chriſt.
Rob. Bring forth a Beere, and couer it with greene:
A Beere is brought in.
That on my death-bed I may here ſit downe.
Beere brought, he ſits.
At Robins buriall let no blacke be ſeene,
Let no hand giue for him a mourning gowne:
For in his death, his king hath giuen him life,
By this large gift, giuen to his maiden wife.
Chaſt maid Marilda, Counteſſe of account,
Chaſe, with thy bright eyes, all theſe clouds of woe,
From theſe faire cheekes, I pray thee ſweete do ſo.
Thinke it is bootleſſe folly, to complaine,
For that which neuer can be had againe.
Queene Elianor, you once were Matilds foe:
Prince Iohn, you long ſought her vnlawfull loue:
Let dying Robin Hood intreat you both,
To change theſe paſſions Madame turne your hate,
To princely loue; Prince Iohn, conuert your loue
To vertuous paſſions, chaſt and moderate.
O that your gratious right hands would infolde,
Matildas right hand, priſoned in my palme,
And ſweare to doe what Robin Hood deſires:
Qu. I ſweare I will, I will a mother be,
To faire Matildas life and chaſtitie.
Ioh. When Iohn ſolicites chaſt Matildaes eares,
With lawleſſe ſuites, as he hath often done:
Or offers to the altars of her eyes,
Laſciuious Poems, ſtuft with vanities,
He craues to ſee but ſhort and ſower dates,
His death be like to Robins he deſires,
His periur'd body proue a poyſoned prey,
For cowled Monkes, and barefoote begging Friers.
Rob. Inough, inough, Fitzwater, take your child:
My dying frolk which no ſunnes heat can thawe,

Closes the powers of all my outward parts,
My freezing blood runnes backe vnto my heart,
Where it assists death, which it would resist:
Only my loue a little hinders death.
For he beholds her eyes, and cannot flit:
Then goe not yet Matilda, stay a while.
Frier, make speede, and list my latest will.

Mat. O let mee looke, for euer in thy eyes,
And lay my warme breath to thy bloodlesse lips,
If my sight can restraine deaths tyrannies.
Or keepe liues breath within thy bosome locke.

Rob. Away, away,
For beare, my loue: all this is but delay.

Fitz. Come maiden daughter, from my maiden fonne,
And giue him leaue to doe what must be done.

Rob. First I bequeath my soule to all soules sauer,
And will my bodie to be buried,
At Wakefield, vnderneath the Abbey wall:
And in this order make my funerall;
When I am dead, stretch me vpon this Beere,
My beades and Primer shall my pillowe bee:
On this side lay my bowe, my good shafts here,
Vpon my breast the crosse, and vnderneath,
My trustie sworde, thus sained in the sheath.
Let Warmans bodie at my feete be laid,
Poore Warman, that in my defence did die,
For holy dirges, sing me woodmens songs,
As ye to Wakefield walke, with voices shrill:
This for my selfe: my goods and plate I giue
Among my peomen: them I doe bestowe,
Vpon my Soueraigne, Richard. This is all.
My liege farewell, my loue farewell, farewell.
Farewell faire Queene, Prince Iohn and noble Lords.
Father Fitzwater heartily adieu,
Adieu my peomen tall.

Mat.

Matilda cloſe mine eyes.
Frier farewell, farewell to all.
Mat. O muſt my hands with enuious death conſpire,
To ſhut the morning gates of my liues light?
Fitz. It is a duette, and thy loues deſire,
Ile helpe thee girle to cloſe vp Robins ſight.
King. Laments are booteleſſe, teares cannot reſtore
Loſt life: Matilda, therefore weepe no more.
And ſince our mirth is turned into mone,
Our merry ſport, to tragicke funerall,
Wee will prepare our power for Auſtria,
After earle Roberts timeleſſe buriall.
Fall to your wod-ſongs therefore yeomen bold,
And deck his herſe with flowers, that lou'd you deare,
Diſpoſe his goods, as hee hath them diſpoſ'd.
Fitzwater and Matilda, bide you here,
See you the bodie vnto Wakefield borne,
A little wee will beare yee company,
But all of vs at London point to meete:
Thither Fitzwater, bring earle Robins men:
And Frier, ſee you come along with them.
Fri. Ah my liege Lord, the Frier faints,
And hath no words to make complaints:
But ſince he muſt forſake this place,
He will awaite, and thanks your Grace.

Song. Weepe, weepe, ye wod-men waile,
Your hands with ſorrow wring:
Your maſter Robin Hood lies deade,
Therefore ſigh as you ſing.
Here lies his Primer and his beades,
His bent bowe and his arrowes keene,
His good ſworde and his holy croſſe,
Now caſt on flowers freſh and greene:
And as they fall, ſhe teares and ſay,

Wella, wella day, wella, wella day:
Thus cast yee flowers and ſing,
And on to Wakefield take your way. Exeunt.

Fri. Here dothe the Frier leaue with grieuance:
Robin is deade, that grac't his entrance:
And being dead he craues his audience,
With this ſhort play, they would haue patience.

¶ Enter *Cheſter.*

Cheſt. May Fryer, at requeſt of thy kinde friend,
Let not thy Play ſo ſoone be at an end.
Though Robin Hoode be deade, his yeomen gone,
And that thou thinkſt there now remaines not one,
To act an other Sceane or two for thee:
Yet knowe full well, to pleaſe this company,
We meane to end Matildaes Tragedie.

Fri. Off then, I wiſh you, with your Kendall greene:
Let not ſad griefe, in freſh aray be ſeene.
Matildaes ſtorie is repleat with teares,
Wrongs, deſolations, ruins, deadly feares.
In, and attire yee: though I tired be,
Yet will I tell my miſtreſſe Tragedie.
Apolloes maſter doone I inuocate:
To whome hencefoorth my deedes I dedicate:
That of his Godhead, 'boue all Gods diuine,
With his rich ſpirit he would lighten mine:
That I may ſing true layes of trothleſſe deedes,
Which to conceiue, my heart through ſorrow bleeds.
Cheere thee, ſad ſoule, and in a ſoftie line,
Thunder out wrong, compaſt in cloudy teares.

Enter in blacke.

Shewe to the eyes, fill the beholders eares,
With all the liuely acts of luſtfull rage,
Reſtraind by modeſt teares, and chaſtities intreats,
And let king Iohn that ill part perſonage,
By ſutes, deuices, practices and threats:

And

And when he ſees all ſerueth to no end,
Of chaſte Matilda let him make an end.
Cho. We are all fitted, Frier, ſhall we beginne?
Fri. Well art thou ſuted: would my order would
Permit me habit equall to my heart.
Cho. If you remember, Iohn did take an oath,
Neuer againe to ſeeke Matildaes loue.
Fri. O what is he, thats ſworne affections ſlaue,
That will not violate all lawes, all oathes?
And being mightie, what will he omit,
To compaſſe his intents, though nere ſo ill?
You muſt ſuppoſe king Richard now is deade,
And Iohn (reſtleſſe) is faire Englands Lord:
Who ſtriuing to forget Matildaes loue,
Takes to his wife the beautious Iſabell,
Betroth'd to Hugh de Briu, Earle of North March:
And picking quarrels vnder ſhewe of kinne,
Wholly diuorces his firſt Queene away:
But yet Matilda, ſtill, ſtill troubles him,
And being in the Court, ſo oft he courts her,
That by her noble father, old Fitzwater,
She is remoou'd from his luſt-tempting eye.
But tides reſtraind, ore ſwell their bounds with rage:
Her abſence addes more fuell to his fire.
In ſleepe he ſees her, and his waking thoughts,
Studie by day to compaſſe his deſire.
Cho. Frier, ſince now you ſpeake of viſions,
It was receiued by tradition,
From thoſe that were right neere vnto king Iohn,
Of three ſtrange viſions, that to him appeard:
And as I gueſſe, I could you what they were.
Fri. With them I will begin: draw but that vaile,
And there king Iohn ſits ſleeping in his chaire.

¶ Drawe the curten, the king ſits ſleeping, his ſworde by

his ſide. Enter *Auſtria*, before whome commeth *Ambition*: and bringing him before the chaire, king *Iohn*, in ſleepe, maketh ſignes to auoid, and holdeth his owne crowne faſt with both his hands.

Fri. Ambition, that had euer waited on king Iohn,
Now brings him Auſtria, eaſie to be tane,
Being wholly tam'd by *Richards* warlike hand,
And bids him adde that Dukedome to his crowne:
But he puts by Ambition, and contemnes
All other kingdomes, but the Engliſh crowne,
Which he holds faſt, as if hee would not looſe.

¶ Enter *Conſtance*, leading young *Arthur*: both offer to take the crowne; but with his foote he ouerturneth them: to them commeth *Inſurrection*, ledde by the *F.* K. and L. menacing him, and lead the childe againe to the chaire: but he only layeth hand on his ſworde, and with his foote ouerthroweth the childe, whome they take vp as deade: and *Inſurrection* flying, they mournefully beare in the bodie.

Fr. The Ladie and the childe that did aſcend,
Striuing in vaine to take the crowne from Iohn,
Were Conſtance, and her ſonne the Duke of Britaine,
Heire to the elder brother of the king.
Yet hee ſleepes on, and with a little ſpurne,
The mother and the Prince both ouerturne.
Againe when Inſurrection them aſſiſts,
Seird by the French king, and the wronged Earle,
Whoſe troth-plight wife, king Iohn had tane to wife,
He only claps his hand vpon his ſword,
Mocketh their threatnings, and in their attempts,
The harmeleſſe Prince receiues recureleſſe death,

Who

Whome they too late with bootelesse teares lament.

¶ Enter Queene, with two children borne after her: ſhe aſcends, and ſeeing no motion, ſhe fetcheth her children one by one; but ſeeing yet no motion, ſhe deſcēdeth wringing her hands, and departeth. Enter *Matilda*, in mourning vaile, reading on a booke, at whoſe comming he ſtarteth, and ſitteth vpright: as ſhee paſſeth by, hee ſmiles, and foldes his armes, as if hee did embrace her; being gone, he ſtarts ſodainly, and ſpeakes.

King. Matilda, ſtay Matilda, doe but ſpeake:
Whoes there? Intreate Matilda to come backe.
Bon. Who would you haue, my Lord?
Kin. Why, my Lord Bonuill: I would haue Matilda:
That but euen now, paſt by toward the dooze.
Bon. I ſawe her not my Lord.
King. Hadſt thou a louers eye,
A gnat, a moate, a ſhadowe thou wouldſt ſpy:
Come followe me, ſhe cannot be ſo farre,
But I ſhall ouertake her: come away. Exeunt.
Fri. The laſt appearance ſhadowed the faire Queene,
And her two children, at whoſe ſight king Iohn
Shewd neither ſigne nor ſhewe of paſſion:
But when the ſunne came maſked in a cloude,
And vailed beautie, ioynde with chaſtitie,
Appeared in Matildaes louely ſhape,
He ſtarts, he claſpes, he wakes, he cals, he ſeekes
The ſhadowe of that ſubſtance he affects:
To her he ſewes, but ſhe his ſute reiects:
To him ſhe ſewes, but he her ſute neglectes:
He ſues to be her loue, ſhe doth deſpiſe:
She ſues to liue a maid, which he denies,

What followes of this wilfull will, and ſhall,
This no and nay, this quenchleſſe, bootleſſe fire,
This cold affection, and this hot deſire,
The act it ſelfe ſhall tell, and the poore Frier,
Your partiall fauours humbly doth require. *Exit.*

Sound trumpets. *Enter* king, *Bonuile*, *Salſbury*, *Loress.*

King. Now I perceiue, this only was a dreame:
Diuine Matildaes Angell did appeare,
Deckt like a Veſtall, readie for heauens quire,
And to this earthly truncke will not come neare.
Well, let her goe: I muſt yfaith, I muſt,
And ſo I will: kings thoughts ſhould be diuine:
So are Matildaes, ſo henceforth ſhall mine.

Old Anb. So doing, peace ſhall wait vpon your crowne,
And bleſſing vpon bleſſing ſhall befall.

Kin. Its true my Lord, I know full well there ſhall.

Salſ. Your people will wax proud of ſuch a king,
That of himſelfe is king, Lord of his thoughts:
Which by aſſertion of Philoſophers,
Is held to be the greateſt Empery.

Kin. And they ſaid wiſely, noble Anbery.

Salſ. Then will *Fitzwater* with his gallant troopes,
Againe keepe triumphes in the Engliſh Court,
Then will Matilda

King. Matilda, what of her?

Salſ. Like a bright ſtarre, adorne the louely traine
Of beautious Ladies, which attend the Queene,
Whoſe only beauty equalleth them all.

Ki. Like an old foole, whoſe dim eyes wanting light,
Compar'ſt the ſunne, to common candle light.

Salſ. Pardon my liege: I doe confeſſe, her faire
Exceedes all theſe, as farre as day doth night.

King. Groſſely alluded: night by moone, by ſtarres.

By

By wandring fires, exhaled meteors,
By artificiall lightes, by eyes of beastes,
And little glow-wormes, glimpsing in the darke,
Hath somewhere brightnesse, lightnesse, and somtime
Under each Horizon in all parts cleare:
But they at no time, no where can be said
To be lesse darke, then dungeon darkenesse is.
Pitch coloured, Eban fact, blacker than blacke,
While her faire eyes giues beauty to bright day.
Sal. To heare the Queene thus praisd works my content.
Kin. The Queene? O, had I such a thought I would repent. To himselfe.
Sal. Further my Lord.
King. What shall we further wade?
I feare I shall be tyred with this tade.
Sal. The common-wealth will florish & encrease.
K. Good Oxford of those things now hold your peace:
And take the paines to fetch in Isabell.
I haue strange tydings sent me out of France,
Which she will take, I knowe, in as good part,
As I accept her praise: fetch her I say.
Exit Salisbury.
What is the old foole gone? now goe thy way.
What thinkst thou of him Hubert? tell me man.
Hub. As of a good old gentleman my Lord,
That speaks but what he thinks, & thinks you thinke
As he doth: and I warrant you
Will not conceale those praises from the Queene,
Which as hee deemes you vttred in her praise.
Kin. I would haue them beleeue it so indeede:
But I protest, is no part of my Creede.
Hu. I faith your Grace did Oxford's yeares great wrong,
To curtall his good worke, that seem'd so long:
He peraduenture would haue brought in more,
After his Preface, to rich plenties store,

Perchaunce he would haue shew'd vanitie,
That in your Court is suffered howerly:
And had you punish ruffians with long haire,
Newe fashions, and such toyes: a special care
Has that good man: he turnes the statute booke:
About his hall and chambers if you looke,
The morall vertues in faire effigie,
Are liuely painted: morall Philosophie
Has not a sentence, be it great or small,
But it is painted on his Honours wall.

Enter Queene, Oxford.

Kin. Peace, peace, he comes, now lets be silent all.
Sals. I tell you I was proud of his good words.
Qu. God hold them: Oxford: for its often seene,
A reconciled foe small good affords. (hold you deare.
Sals. O forbeare: trust me, I gage my Honour he doth
King. How cheere you Isabell? The earle, your spouse
Hath sent defiance to the king your husband,
And like a tried tall souldier, fled his holds
In Marchland; Where he knowes, despight of him,
And all the men that he therein can raise,
King Iohn could haue sent dogs enowe to teare
Their ill arm'd bodies peece-meale, ere his hands
Should with base blood haue staind their noble hands.
And whether is this worshipfull good Earle
(This first loue, old loue, newe loue if you will)
Gone thinks your Ladishippe? Forsooth, good man,
To Normandy; and there he stirs vp coales,
And vrgeth strong aid for confederates,
Who, as he saies, are treacherously disposd.
Qu. If he doe so, the greater is his sinne:
Poore man, I haue no interest in him.
King. But he hath had in you, as it should seeme,
Els would he not make sonnets of your browe,
Your eye, your lip, your hand, your thigh,

A plague vpon him: how came he so nigh?
Nay, now you haue the curst queanes counterfet:
Through rage you shake, because you cannot rau-
But answere me; Why should the Bedlam slaue
Entitle a whole Poem to your kisse,
Calling it chery, ruby, this and this?
I tell you, I am iealous of your loue,
Which makes me breake into this passion.
Here's the kinde noble Anbery de Vere,
Knowes what I speake is true:
My Lord, my Lord, I doe appeale to you:
Are these things to be borne?
Sal. No by the Roode,
These loue-rimes are the tokens of small good.
Hu. Why my good Lord, was neuer Poetry,
Offred vnto a Ladies patronage?
Sal. Yes, but not taken.
Hu. Yes, and taken too.
Though muddy slaues, whose ballatizing rimes,
With words vnpolisht, shewe their brutish thoughts,
Naming their Maukins in each lustfull line:
Let no celestiall beautie looke awry,
When well writ poemes, couching her rich praise,
Are offerd to her vnstain'd vertues eye.
For Poetries high spirighted sonnes will raise,
True beautie to all wisht eternitie:
Therefore my Lord, your age is much to blame,
To thinke a taken Poeme Ladies shame.
Sa. You see the King, thats better read than you,
And far more wrongd than I, takes it not wel,
Ki. Yes but I doe: I thinke not Isabell, Lord,
The worse for any writing of Brunes.
Sa. Will you ha the troth my Lord? I thinke so too:
And though I be an old man, by my sword,
My arme shall iustifie my constant word.

Qu. After a long ſtorme in a troublous ſea,
The Pilot is no gladder of a calme,
Than Iſabell to ſee the vexed lookes
Of her lou'd Lord, chang'd into ſweete aſpects.
Kin. I will not tell thee what a world of foes,
For thy loue, deare loue, riſe againſt my life.
To himſelfe.
(Matildaes loue: fewe words will fight for thee)
I will not number vp the many woes
That ſhall be multiplied, ſtrike vpon ſtrike
Will follow: But to ſhunne inſuing ils,
Ile take ſuch pledges as ſhall pleaſe me aske.
Of each proud Baron, dwelling in the Realme.
Bruſe kinſman, and the deputie to March,
Hath a high minded Lady to his wife,
An able ſonne for armes, and a leſſe boy,
That is the comfort of his fathers life:
Madame, I know you loue the Lady well,
And of her wealth you may be bold to build,
By ſending you foure hundred white milch kine,
And ten like coloured bulles, to ſerue that heard:
So faire, that euery cow did ſeeme,
And euery bull Europaes rauiſher.
To friend my ſelfe with ſuch a ſubiects truth,
Thus I commaund; You, and Earle Salſbury
Shall, with what ſpeede conuenientlie ye may,
Hye ye to Gilford, there the Ladie lies,
And her ſonnes too, as I am told by ſpies:
All that ſhe hath, I knowe ſhe calleth yours,
All that ſhe hath, I gladly would call mine,
If ſhe abuſe yee: if ſhe vſe yee well,
For euer be, what ſhe retaines, her owne:
Only goe by as Queenes in progreſſe doe,
And ſend me word how ſhe receiueth you.
Qu. Well, I auouch ſhe will, before I goe,

Farre

Farre be it, Iohn ſhould prooue Lord Bruſes foe.
Come noble Oxford, I long to be at Gilford.
Sals. In ſuch a buſineſſe, Madam, ſo doe I. Exeunt.
King. Goe on, good ſtales, now Gilford is mine owne.
Hubert, I charge you take an hundred horſe,
And followe vnto Gilford Caſtle gates,
The Queene, pretend, you come to tend vpon,
Sent carefully from vs: when you are in,
Boldly demaund the Lady for her ſonnes,
For pledges of her husbands faith and hers:
Whome when yee haue, vpon the Caſtle ſeize,
And keepe it to our vſe vntill we come:
Meane while let me alone with Hugh your ſonne,
To worke a wonder, if no prodigie:
But, what ſoere, it ſhall attempted be.
Hub. Euen that which to your Maieſtie
May ſeeme contentfull, thereto I agree.
King. Goe then to Gilford, and a victor be. Exit Hub.
Moubray, our maſke? are you and Cheſter ready?
Mow. We will before your Grace, I warrant you.
King. How thinkſt of it, Mowbray?
Hu. As on a maſke; but for our torch-bearers,
Hell cannot take ſo mad a crewe as I.
King. Faith, who is chiefe?
Hu. Will Brand, my Lord.
But then your Grace muſt curbe his cruelty:
The raigne once got, he's apt for villanie.
Kin. I knowe the villaine is both rough and grim:
But as a ty-dogge I will muzzle him.
Ile bring him vp to fawne vpon my friends,
And worry dead my foes. But to our maſke.
I meane this night to reuell at the feaſt,
Where faire Matilda graceth euery gueſt:
And if my hidden curteſie the grace,

Old Bainards Castle good Fitzwaters place,
Iohn will make rich, with royall Englands wealth:
But if he do not: not those scattred bands,
Dropping from Austria, and the Holy land,
That boast so much of glorious victories,
Shall stoppe the inundations of those woes,
That like a deluge I will bring on them:
I knowe the crue is there, banish all feares:
If wrongd, they shall be ours, if welcome, theirs. Exeũt

¶ Enter *Fitzwater* and his sonne *Bruse*, and call forth his daughter.

Fitz. Why how now botary? still at your booke?
Euer in mourning weedes? For shame, for shame,
With better entertainement cheere our friends.
Now by the blest crosse you are much too blame,
To crosse our mirth thus; you are much too blame I say.
Good Lord, hath neuer woe inough of wellada!
Indeed, indeede,
Some sorrow fits: but this is more than neede.

Mat. Good father pardon me,
You saw I sate the supper and the banquet,
You knowe I cannot dance, discourse I shunne:
By reason that my wit, but small before,
Comes farre behinde the ripe wits of our age.

Young B. Youl be too ripe for mariage,
If you delay, by day, and day, thus long.
There is the noble Wigmore, lord of the March,
That lyes on Wye, Lug, and the Seuerne streames,
His sonne is like the sunnes syres Ganimede,
And for your loue, hath sent a Lord to plead:
His absence, I did purpose to excuse:

¶ Enter *Lester*, *Richmond*.

But Lester is the man for him that sues.

F. My cousin Bruse hath bene your broker, Lester,
At least hath broke the matter to my girle.

Lest. O for a barber at the time of neede,

Or

Or one of these that dresses periwigs,
To decke my gray head with a youthfull haire:
But I must too't. Matilda, thus it is;
Say, can ye loue mee? I am Wigmors sonne.
Ma. Why cosin said, he look't like Ganimede:
But you, but you.
Ley. But I, but I, you say,
Am rather like old Chremes in a play.
But thats a nice obiection: I am hee,
But by atturney shippe made deputie.
Mat. He's neuer like to speede well, all his life,
That by atturney sues to winne a wife:
But graunt you are, whome you seeme nothing like,
Young Wigmore, the heire to this noble Lord:
He for his sonne hath yet sent vs nere a word.
Old. Br. If you grant loue, when his sonne doth wooe,
Then in your iointure heele send, say, and doe.
Y. Br. And for a dower, cosin take my word,
Looke for a good egge, he was a good bird:
Cocke a the game i'faith, neuer feare.
Ma. I, but I feare the match will fall out ill,
Because he sates his sonne is named Will.
Fitz. And why good daughter? Hath some Palmister,
Some Augur, or some dreaming Calculator
(For such I know you often hearken to)
Beene prating gainst the name? Go too, go too,
Doe not beleeue them. Lester, fall to wooe.
Ma. I must beleeue my father, and tis you,
That if I ought misdid, reproou'd me still,
And chiding said, you'r wedded to your will.
Fitz. God for thy mercy, haue yee catcht me there?
Wigmore is William, woman. Lester, speake,
Thou art the simplest wooer in the world.
Lest. You haue put me out, & she hath tooke me down:
You with your talke, she with her ready tongue.
You told me I should find her milde and still,

And ſcarce a worde come from her in an hower,
Then did I thinke, I ſhould haue all the talke,
Unhindred by your willingneſſe to helpe,
Unanſwerd till I had no more to ſay: And then
Y. B. What then? ſhe with a courtly curteſie ſaying nay.
Ma. Your friends atturney might haue gone his way,
With as great credit, as did that Orator,
Which handling an Oration, ſome three howers,
Ill for the matter, worſe than bad for phraſe:
Hauing ſaid Dixi; looke, and found not one,
To praiſe or diſpraiſe his Oration:
For, wearied with his talke, they all were gone.
F. Now by my troth, if any troth I haue,
I am as merry at Matildaes mirth,
As I was glad to ſee her firſt daies birth.
For till this hower, ſo helpe me holidam,
Since the too timely death of Huntington,
Not a blithe word had paſſage through her lips.
Ley. See what a pleaſing humour wooers bring.
Coſ. B. O but yee leaue too ſoone.
Ley. Yet ſhe auerers
I ſtand too long, ſhall I chuſe yours or hers?
Mat. Either forbeare, I pray yee, for a while.
Welcome Lord Richmond.
Rich. What, doth Matilda ſmile?
That ſtill like ſadneſſe ſolitary ſat:
Then off with widowes weedes, and teach your feete,
(That haue forgot for want of exerciſe,
And by the meanes your ſorrowe had no meane)
To tread a meaſure: for a gallant crue,
Of courtly maskers landed at the ſtaires,
Before whome vnintreated, I am come,
And haue preuented, I beleeue, their page,
Who with his torch is entred.
Fitz. Richmond, thankes:

Boy

If you haue ought to ſay about the maſkers,
Beſeech the Gentlemen to enter in:
For they are welcome gueſts to old Fitzwater.
Exit Meſſenger.
Sonne, ſonne, I pray you fetch the Ladies in:
We haue beene talking here about a match,
And left our noble friends in diſcontent.
Rich. May by my faith, we had much merriment;
Yet thought it long, you neither came, nor ſent.
Matilda faints, and ſits downe.
Fitz. How now Matilda? pray thee cheere thee girle.
Mat. I thought it was a lightning before death:
Too ſodaine to be certaine: good pleaſure ſtay.
Enter Ladies.
Wilt thou not wanton? churle then goe thy way.
After maske.
Ri. What? chang'd ſo ſoon? ſo ſoon ſaine to your dūps?
Cheerly: the maſke comes in. O God, this veile & looke
Fit not this ſport.
Mat. Ile leaue it. (ſtay.
Leſt. Nay: for your loue, Williams ſake, faire maiden

Dance: Maſkers take each a Ladie, *Iohn Matilda*
but refuſing, father;

This is no courtſhip daughter, be not nice,
You both abuſe him and diſparage vs:
His fellowes had the Ladies they did chuſe,
And wel you knowe, here's no more maids than Maud:
Your ſelfe are all our ſtore: I pray you riſe,
Or by my faith, I ſay you doe vs wrong.
Mat. I wil do what you wil; lead, lead your daunce.
Ki. You know me by my ſpeach.
Mat. I my Liege, I: O! that temptatious tongue
Had no where to be plac't but in your head.

Ki. Well, say I haue her tongue, had I not neede,
When you haue both her eyes: nay all her shape:
Able to tempt euen Ioue himselfe to rape.
Ma. Good my Lord leaue; or I will leaue the place.

Daunce againe: & in the first course *Maitlda* flings from him: *Iohn* followes.

Fitz. Daunce out your Galliard: Gods deare holidread,
Y'are too forgetfull: daunce, or by my troth,
You'l moue my patience more than I will speake.
She vnwilling, *Iohn* roughly puls her.
Nay soft vnmannerd sir, you are too rough:
Her ioynts are weake, your armes are strong & tough:
If yee come here for sport, you welcome be,
If not, better your roome than such bad company.
Iohn threatens him by signes.
Dost threaten mee? then will I see thy face.
Kin. And so thou shalt, looke on me rebell Lord;
Thou that wert late a factious ring-leader,
And in the open field gau'st me fierce fight,
Art thou againe gathering another head,
That with such rudenesse thou dost entertaine
The gentle comming of thy Soueraigne?
Fitz. My dread Lord, heare me, and forgiue this fault:
What I haue earst done, long since you forgaue:
If I did lead the Barons in the field,
The Barons chose me, when they could not chuse
But make some leader, you were so milled.
When better thoughts entred your royall breast,
We then obeyd you, as our Soueraigne head.
King. You did euen what you list, and so doe still.
I am the king, but you must haue your will:
The plaine troth is, we are not come in sport,
Though for our comming, this was our best cloake:

For

For if we neuer come, till you doe send,
We muſt not be your gueſts while bankets laſt,
Contentious brauls you howerly ſend to vs:
But we may ſend and ſend, and you returne,
This Lord is ſicke, that pained with the gout,
He rid from home. You thinke I finde not out
Your cloſe confederacies: yes I doe, no doubt.
Leſt. If there be here a cloſe confederate,
Gods vengeance light vpon him with my hate.
K. No, you are open Leſter, that I knowe.
Ch. I by the Lord, my Lord, your open foe. (Cheſter,
Leſt. By thy Lords Lord, and mine, proud Raſe of
Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, were thou from the king.
Mow. Yes, but he dares and ſhall.
Rich. Mowbray, if you ſtand by,
He dares perchance, els will the daſtard fly. (ſpeach:
Ch. My owne ſword ſhall maintaine my tongues true
For it is not frequented to ſuch lies,
As wrangling Leſter, and proud Richmond vſe:
It cannot ſet out like a thundring drumme,
Or roaring Canon, ſtuft with naught but brags,
The multitudes of ſeas died red with blood,
And famous cities into cinders turn'd,
By their two armed armes.
King. I Cheſter.
And then they ſhewe vs rags, torne off belike,
From poore decayed Ladies petticotes:
For neither bill, nor feathered ſhot, nor pike
Bare halfe or any of thoſe rents they haue:
Theſe patcht together, faſtned vnto ſtaues,
They will not ſtick to ſweare, haue beene aduanc't
Againſt the Sophie Souldan, and the Turke.
Le. Do not maintaine proud Cheſter, my liues Liege.
Your words I muſt put vp: his if I beare
Yes you ſhall beare them, Beare, and yet not bite:

We haue you muzzeld now: remember once
You brau'd vs with your Bombard boasting words:
Come briefely, Lester, Richmód, both Fitzwaters, Bruse,
Deliuer vp your swords immediately:
And either yield your bodies to our hands,
Or giue such pledges as we shall accept,
Unto our Steward Winchester, with speede.
Lest. I will not leaue my armes, nor breake my word
Except I be prouok't: your liege-man I am sworne:
That oath is pledge enough. If you mislike
Kin. Thou heares me say, I doe.
Lest. And I reply, that pledge refus'd, I haue no more for you.
Rich. And Richmond saies as noble Lester saith;
Alreadie haue we plighted fame and faith:
Which being sworne, returns to vs againe,
And by the kings owne mouth, we are discharg'd.
Kin. Fitzwater, what say you?
Fitz. What pledge desires my Liege?
King. I aske your stubborne daughter.
Yong Br. That were a gage to be ingag'd.
Fitz. Peace thou head-strong boy.
Pardon me soueraigne: all my power is yours:
My goods you may commaund, my life you may:
My children too I know with both their liues,
Will readily aduenture deaths worst wrongs,
To doe such seruice as true subiects should:
But honorable fame, true challitte
Kin. Make no exceptions, yield her vp to mee,
Or looke for euer for my enmitie.
Fitz. May then Fitzwater tels your Maiestie,
You doe him wrong: and well will let you wit,
He will defende his honour to the death.
King. And Bruse, you are no otherwise disposd,
You will not giue your sons to me for pledge.

Br.

Br. I haue but one, being my leſſer boy,
Who is at Gilford: for my other ſonne,
Ki. He braues me with the reſt.
Well it is night, and theres no ſunne to ſweare by,
But by Gods ſonne: and by him I here proteſt,
A miſerable ſtorme this night to raiſe,
That ſhall not ceaſe, while England giueth reſt,
To ſuch vile traitors: Bruſe Ile begin with you:
I will ifaith, as true as God is true.
Exeunt king, cum ſuis.
Leſt. Then ſhal a ſtorme be raiſ'd againſt a ſtorme,
And tempeſt be with tempeſt beaten backe.
Fitz. But this firme Iland like the ſea will toſſe,
And many goodly buildings goe to wracke,
Many a widowe weepe her dying ſonne,
And many a mother to her helpleſſe babes
Cry out vncomfortably; children peace,
Your crying vnto me is all in vaine,
Dead is my husband, your poore father ſlaine.
Yong Br. We can not helpe it vnkle. (power:
Ri. No, you ſee intreats & humble ſutes haue now no
But lyſt and wrath the kingdome doth deuour.
Br. & he did menace firſt, and much I feare
He will to Gilford, and beſiege my wife.
Fitz. O, hye to ſaue her, Richmond ride with him,
Rich. Let vs away Bruſe, leaſt we come to late,
And with vs take ſome ſcore of men well armde.
Exeunt Richmond,
Fitz. Doe: Leſter, and my ſelfe will keepe the citie,
Til we are furniſht with an able armie.
Your Nephew Bruſe, ſhal take an hundred armed men,
And poaſt to Hartford Caſtle with your ſiſter:
Sith wrong will wake vs, we will keepe ſuch watch,
As for his life, he ſhall not hurt vs bring.
Exeunt ombes.

¶Enter Queene, *Bruſes* Ladie, *Hubert*, *Salſbury*.

Qu. Be comforted good Madame, doe not feare,
But giue your ſonne as pledge vnto the king:
Your ſelfe at Court may keepe him company.

Wif. I am betraid, alas I am betraid,
And little thought your Highneſſe had bene bent,
So much againſt me, for my many loues,
As to prepare an entrance for my foe.

Qu. As I ſhall liue in heauen, I did not knowe
Of Huberts comming: but lament not this:
Your ſonne you ſay is gone; what feare you then?

Wif. O madame, murder, miſchiefe, wrongs of men
I feare, I feare: what ill I doe not feare?
Sith hope is ſo farre of, deſpaire ſo neare.

Ox. Anſwere mee good Hubert, I pray the Hubert doe.
What thinke you of this matter, may I on your word
Perſwade the woman that all things are well?

Hu. You may perſwade her, if you can my Lord:
For I protеſt I knowe no other thing,
But that the king would haue him for a pledge of the
Lord Bruſes faith.

Salſ. And reaſon too. Now by my Honour, Hubert, I
proteſt it is good reaſon.
Bruſe, I tell you plaine,
Is no ſound cloake, to keepe Iohn from the raine.
I will goe to her. Hu. Doe good ſimple Earle.
If not by threats, nor my intreats ſhe yield,
Thy braine is barren of inuention,
Dried vp with care: I neuer will thee yield her ſonne to
thee, that hauing power, wantſt wit.

Br. Wife. I ouerheare thee *Hubert*.

Ox. So do I dame Bruſe:
But ſtir no coles: the man is well belou'd,
And merits more than ſo.

Bru. W. But I will anſwere;

Hubert

Hubert, thou fatall keeper of poore babes,
That are appointed hoſtages for Iohn,
Had I a ſonne here, as I haue not one
(For yeſterday I ſent him into Wales)
Thinkſt thou I would be ſo degenerate,
So farre from kinde, to giue him vnto thee?
I would not I proteſt: thou knoweſt my minde.
Ox. Ladie, you feare more than you needeto doe,
Indeede you doe, in very deede you doe:
Hubert is wrongd about the thing you meane,
About young Arthus: O, I thought twas ſo:
Indeede the honeſt, good, kinde gentleman
Did all he might for ſafegard of the childe.
Qu. Beleeue me Madame Bruſe, the man is wrongd.
B. w. But he wrongs me, to keepe my Caſtle thus,
Diſarming my true ſeruants, arming his.
Now more of outrage comes, what ſhall I doe?

¶ Enter the king, *Mowbray*, *Wincheſter*, *Cheſter*.

King. O this is well. *Hubert*, wheres *Bruſes* ſonne?
Wi. Where thou ſhalt neuer ſee him, Iohn.
K. Ladie, we ſhall haue talke with you anone.
Where is he Hubert? (to conſeſſe.
Hu. Hid, or fled my Lord: we can by no meanes get her
Sa. Welcome to Gilford, Oxfords liefeſt Lord.
K. You ſcarce giue welcome, ere I bid you goe:
For you my Lord, the Queene and Wincheſter,
Shall march to Harford. Sweete Iſabell,
And if thou loue me, play the Amazon.
Matilda that hath long bewitcht mine eye,
Is as I heare by ſpials, now in Harford Caſtle;
Beſiege her there: for now her hauty father
Ruffians it by and bowne, and all the brood
Of viperous traitors whet their poyſoned teeth,
That they may feed on vs that foſter them.
Ode forward, and goe with you victorie:

Which to aſſure, my powers ſhall followe you.
Salſ. Did I not tell you this: then truſt moneyt:
May he is chang'd, and cares no more for her,
Than I doe Madame.
King. Be gone I ſay, be gone:
Your ſpeede, rich victory attendeth on:
But your delay
May giue your foes the happie glorious day.
Qu. One boone my Liege, and part.
Kin. Be briefe.
Qu. Shew that poore Ladie pittie, I beſeech. Exeunt.
Kin. I will indeede. Come Ladie, let vs in.
You haue a ſonne, goe in and bring him mee,
And for the Queenes ſake I will fauour yee.
B. W. I haue no ſon: come, come: come in and ſearch,
And if you finde him, wretched may I bee. Exit.
Ki. Cheſter and Hubert, ſee you keepe good watch.
Not farre of doe I heare a warlike ſound:
Bruſe on my life: looke too't while I goe in
To ſeeke this boy; for needs we muſt haue him.
Come with vs Mowbray. Exeunt.

¶ Enter *Bruſe, Richmond,* Souldiers.

Rich. The Caſtle gates are ſhut. what ho: what ho?
You that are ſeruants to the Lady Bruſe,
Ariſe, make entrance for your Lord and friends.
Enter, or aboue, *Hugh, Wincheſter.*
Hu. We will make iſſue ere yee enter here.
Who haue we there, Richmond and Bruſe? Iſt you?
What, vp ſo ſoone, are yee ſo earely here?
In you faith the Prouerb's verified:
Yare earely vp, and yet are nere the neare.
Rich. The worſe our fortune, Bruſe let vs goe hence,
We haue no power to fight, nor make defence.
Ch. What Richmond, will you proue a Runaway?
Rich. From thee good Wincheſter: Now ỳ Lord defend.

Bruſe

Bruſe, we will ſtay and fight.

Br. Tis to no end: we haue but twentie men, & they be tyr'd.

But ere we doe retire, tell me Lord *Hubert*,
Where are my wife and ſonne?

Hu. Your wife is here, your ſonne we cannot finde.

Br. Let ſon & wife, high heauens, your comfort finde.

Exeunt.

¶ Enter King, *Mowbray*, Ladie *Bruſe*,

Ches. Bruſe hath beene here, my Lord.

Ki. I, let him goe: we haue good pledges: though wee ſee but one,
The other we are ſure will come anone.

Mow. I doe aduiſe you, for your owne diſcharge,
Deliuer vp your ſonne vnto the king.

King. Nay let her chuſe. Come hither Mowbray.

The king and Mowbray whiſper.

Hu. The king is angry: Ladie Bruſe aduiſe you.

L. Br. What he aduiſd thee, to haue my louing, kinde and prettie boy, giuen to an vnkinde killer of ſweete boyes?

Ch. Madame go too, take counſell of your friends,
I warrant you the king will vſe him well.

L. B. I. as he vſd his Nephewe, Arthur Cheſter:
God bleſſe my childe from being vſed ſo.

Mow. Sir *Hubert*, what are all the people voided,
The horſes and the cattle turned forth?

Hu. Mowbray, they be.

Mow. Then will I doe the kings commaundement.

L. B. What will he doe! good lord, what will he doe!
Mowbray, I pray you what ill you will doe.

Mo. Why? fire the Caſtle.

L. B. The Caſtle Mowbray? tarry, tarry man,
Hold me not Cheſter, gentle Mowbray ſtay:
Good Hubert let me goe.

Mow. You muſt not goe: the king is moou'd and will not heare you ſpeake.

L.Br. But he ſhall heare mee, Pittie mee king Iohn, call Mowbray backe: heare mee for pities ſake, regard the Ladie Bruſes wofull cry.

K. What doſt thou aſke?

La. Firſt call backe Mowbray.

K. Stay Mowbray: now be briefe.

L. I haue ſome linnen garments, iewels, tyres, Packt in a hamper here within the lodge: O let me ſaue it from conſuming fire.

K. And is this all?

La. Its all the little all, I here haue left.

King. Away, ſet fire: linnen and trash.

L. O once more heare mee, theres a pretious Iem, You haue not any richer in all the Realme: If fire doe blemiſh it, Arte neuer more, To his true colour, can the ſame reſtore.

Ki. Fetch it: two of ye helpe her vp her hamper hither.

La. Nay, nay: one will ſuffice: the Iewell if I ſaue, is all I aſke. *Exit with Cheſter.*

Kin. We ſhall her Iewell haue.

Hu. She is very fearefull I ſhould keepe her ſonne.

Within, La. Ye doe, yee doe.

Ki. Alas good Ladie: harke, Cheſter & ſhe are chiding.

Enter *Cheſter* and ſhe, leading the boy.

La. Let goe his hand. Is this a pawe, thinke you, To holde a tender hand in? fie for ſhame: A noble man ſo churliſh? Looke I pray, His armes are griſtles.

King. How now Lady *Bruſe*, Doth Cheſter hurt the Iewell of your ioy? Now by my troth it is a prettie boy.

La. I: knowe your Maieſtie as much as I, you would ſay more.

King.

Ki. Well, he and you of vs no wrong shall haue:
But stay in Windsor Castle with sir Walter *Blunt*,
And honourably be vsed: prouided still,
Your husband and your sonne obey our will.
L. For this great mercie, if they disobey,
My selfe will chide them: Fortune followe *Iohn*,
And on his foes fall swift destruction. *Exeunt.*
K. Come let vs now after the Queene & Oxford.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Queene, Oxford, Souldiers.
Qu. Now are yee, worthy and resolued men,
Come to the cage where the vncleane birds bide,
That tyre on all the faire flight in the Realme.
Summon this Castle, or (to keepe my words)
This cage of night-hid owles, light-flying birds.
Offer to summon. Enter yong *Bruse*, *Matilda*, Souldiers.
Ox. Stay drum: thou need'st not summon willing men:
Or rather wilfull: for such me thinke they be.
Qu. See yee yon baggage, muffled in black weeds?
Those clouds folde in the Comet, that portends
Sad desolation to this royall Realme:
For euer seeke to make her light, good friends.
Let vs disrobe her of each little beame,
And then your Phœbus will one Phoebe haue,
That while they liue shall lend your land true light,
Giue lop vnto your day, rest to your night.
Assaile them: stay not.
Ox. Stay, and assaie them first.
I say to you, faire Queene, this fact is foule.
Let not prouoking words whet dull edg'd swords:
But try if we can blunt sharpe blades with words.
Fitzwaters Nephew, *Bruse*, I see thee there,
And tell thee, it is shame for such a boy,

To lead a many able men to fight.
And modeſt looking maid, I ſee you too:
And vnlie fight, to vie we virginitie
Guarded with other ſouldiers, than good prayers:
But you will ſay the king occaſions it.
Say what you will, no king but would take cauſe
Of iuſt offence: yield you young Bruſe: your mother is in holde.
Yield you young maid: your father is in holde.
Ma. Will the Queene keepe me from the luſtfull king?
Then will I yield.
Qu. A plague vpon this counterfaiting queane.
Mat. Gods bleſſed mercy, will you ſtill be mad,
And wrong a noble virgine with vile ſpeach?
Ox. Let me alone. Matilda, maiden faire,
Thou virgine ſpouſe, true Huntingtons iuſt heire,
Wilt thou come hither? and I doe protеſt,
The Queene and I, to mitigate this warre,
Will doe what thou wouldeſt haue.
Ma. I come.
Br. You ſhall not goe: ſound drums to warre.
Ox. Alack, alack for woe: well God for vs, ſith it will needes be ſo.

Alarum, fight, ſtay.

Ox. What ſtay you for?
Br. Matildaes cryes doe ſtay vs.
Mat. Oxford, I come in hope of thy defence.
Br. I will I warrant, ere you ſhall yield your ſelfe;
To any coward Lord that ſerues the King.
Ox. Coward proud boy? thou findeſt me no ſuch beaſt,
And thou ſhalt rue in earneſt this rude ieſt.

Fight againe, Matilda taken, led by the haire by two Souldiers.

Ox. Rude hands how hale you vertuous honour forth?
You doe not well: away: now by my faith,

You

Yee doe not well I say.
Take her, faire Queene, vse her as she deserues:
Shees faire, shees noble, chast, and debonaire.
I must, according to due course of warre,
See that our souldiers scratter not too fare,
Least what care wonne, our negligence may loose. Exit.

Qu. Is this the Helen, this the Paragon,
That makes the English Ilinnus flame so fast?

Mat. I am not she, you see I am not shee:
I am not rauisht yet, as Helen was,
I know not what will come of Iohns desire,
That rages like the sea, that burnes like fire.

Qu. Plaine Iohn, proud Ione? Ile teare your painted face: thus, thus Ile vse you.

Enter *Oxford.*

Ma. Doe, doe, what you will.

Ox. How goes this geere? ha? foule fall so foule a deed,
Poore chast childe of Fitzwater dost thou bleede.
By Gods blest mother this is more than needs:
And more I tell you true than I would beare,
Were not the danger of the campe so neere.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the foes haue gathered head:
Lord Bruse the father, ioyneth with the sonne.

Ox. Why heres the matter, we must spend our time,
To keepe your nailes from scratching innocence,
Which should haue beene bestowed for our defence.
What shall we now doe? helpe me holy God,
The foe is come, and we are out of ranke.

Skirmish: Queene taken, Matilda rescued.

Enter olde *Bruse* wounded, led by his sonne and *Lester.*

Br. Is the field ours?

Young B. I, thanks to noble *Lester.*

Br. Giue God thanks, sonne, be carefull to thy mother:

Commend me to Fitzwater, loue thy brother,
If either armes, or praiers may him recouer, Fals down.
Lest. How cheeres old *Bruse*?
Br. His soule to ioy is fled:
His griefe is in my bosome buried.
Lest. His life was dearely bought. For my eyes sawe
A chambles of dead men about his feete,
Sent by his sword vnto eternall shade:
With honour bury him: cease teares good *Bruse*.
Br. Teares helpe not I confesse: yet must I weepe.
Souldiers, your helpe to beare him to my tent.
Exeunt, cum Bruse.
Ma. Be comforted great Queene: forget my wrongs.
It was my fortune, and no fault of yours.
Qu. Is she thus milde? or doth she mock my chance?
Lest. Queene Elianor, are you a prisoner?
See what it is to be a souldier.
But what foule hand hath harm'd Matildaes faire?
Speake honourable maid: who tore thy haire?
Did Oxford or the Queene this violence?
Ma. Ungentle groomes first tooke and tore me thus:
From whom old Oxford, chastising their wrong,
Most kindly brought mee to this gentle Queene:
Who laid her soft hand on my bleeding cheekes,
Gaue kisses to my lips, wept for my woe:
And was deuising how to send me backe,
Euen when your last alarum frighted vs:
And by her kindnesse, fell into your hands.
Lest. Which kindnesse we returne. Madame, be free.
Souldiers, conduct the Queene whether she please.
Qu. Farewell Matilda: if I liue, beleeue,
I will remember this. O how I grieue,
That I should wrong so innocent a maid.
Come Ladie, old Fitzwater is not farre:
Heele weepe to see these scarres, full well I knowe.

Ma.

Ma Would I were from this wofull world of warre:
Sure I will scape, and to some Nunry goe. *Exeunt.*
Enter king, Oxford, Hubert.
K. Had you her then: had you her in your power?
Ox. I marry had we; we had taken her.
K. O had she beene in mine, (her.
Not all earths power, from my power, should haue freed
Ox. You are a king: and high are Princes thoughts:
It may be with your sight you could haue chact
An host of armed men: it may be so:
But we your subiects did the best we could:
Yet Bruse the father, backing *Bruse* the sonne,
Scattred our troopes: brought rescue to Matilda,
And tooke your peerelesse Queene, their prisoner.
K. On all the race of *Bruses*, for this wrong,
I will haue vengeance. *Hubert*, call in *Brand*. *Exit Hu.*
My Lord of *Oxford*, giue vs leaue a while to be alone.
Ox. I will my liege: but be you comforted,
The Queene will be recouer'd, doe not feare,
As well as ere she was;
K. Oxford, forbeare I pray. (I feare. *Exit.*
Ox. Yet for the wrong she did vnto Matilda, I feare,
K. The father and the sonne did rescue her:
The mother and the sonne shall rue the deede:
So it shall be: I am resolu'd thereon.
Matilda, my soules foode, those haue bereft:
And these of bodies foode I will bereaue.
Enter Hubert, Brand.
K. Will *Brand*?
Brand. Your Maiestie. Make legs.
K. Lesse of your curtsie. *Hubert*, stand aside.
Poast speedily to Windsor: take this ring:
Bid *Blunt* deliuer *Bruses* wife and childe,
Into your hands: and aske him for the key
Of the darke tower, or the dungeon vault:

In that, see you shut vp the dam and brat.
Pretend to Blunt that you haue left them meat,
Will serue some sennight: and vnto him say,
It is my will you bring the key away.
And here you sir, I charge you on your life,
You doe not leaue a bit of bread with them.
Brand. I warrant you, let me alone.
Ki. Come backe againe with all the speede you may.
Hugh. Some cruell talke is ponted for that slaue,
Which he will execute as cruelly.
Kin. No ruth, no pittie shall haue harbour here,
Till faire Matilda be within these armes.

Enter Oxford with the Queene.

Oxf. Comfort my Lord, comfort my gratious Lord,
Your loue is come againe.
Ki. Ah Oxford, where?
Ox. Here my dread Soueraigne.
Kin. Thou lyest, she is not there.
Ox. Vnder correction you wrong my age.
Say I beseech you, is not this the Queene?
Kin. I cry you mercie Oxford, tis indeede.
Where is Matilda?
Qu. Where vertue, chastitie, and innocence remain, there is Matilda.
King How comes she, pray, to be so chaste, so faire, so vertuous in your eye?
Qu. She freed me from my foes, and neuer vrg'd
My great abuse, when she was prisoner.
Kin. What did you to her?
Qu. Raile vpon her first,
Then tare her haire, and rent her tender cheekes.
K. O heauen! was not the day darke at that foule deed?
Could the sunne see, without a red eclipse,
The purple teares fall from those tyrant wounds?

Out

But Archiope, Gypsie, thick lipt Blackamoore:
Wolfe, Tygresse, worse than either of them both.
Ox. Are you aduis'd my Lord?
K. But doting Earle.
Couldst thou endure to see such violence?
Ox. I tell you plaine my Lord, I brookt it not,
But staid the tempest.
K. Rend my loues cheekes that matchlesse Effigie,
Of wonder-working, natures chiefest worke.
Teare her rich haire? to which, gold wyres,
Sunnes rayes, and best of best compares
(In their most pride) haue no comparison.
Abuse her name? Matildaes sacred name?
O barbarous outrage, rude. Ie mercilesse.
Qu. I told you Oxford, you mistooke the king.
Ox. I did indeede: my liege Lord giue me leaue,
To leaue the Campe.
K. Away old foole: and take with thee that trull:
For if she stay,
Ox. Come Ladie, come away.
Tempt not his rage: ruine wrath alwaies brings:
Lust being lord, there is no trust in kings. *Exit.*

¶ Enter Mowbray.

Mou. To armes king Iohn: Fitzwaters field is pitcht,
About some mile hence, on a champain plaine.
Chester hath drawne our souldiers in array:
The wings already haue begun the fight.
K. Thither we will with wings of vengeance fly,
And winne Matilda, or loose victory. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ladie Bruse, and Brand.

La. Why did my keeper put vs in thy hands?
Wherein haue we offended Blunt or thee?
Brand. You needs not make these words:
You must remoue your lodging: this is all.

Be not afeard: come come, here is the doore,
L. O God how darke it is!
Brand. Goe in goe in: its higher vp the staires.
La. My trembling heart forbids mee to goe in.
O if thou haue compassion, tell me true,
What my poore boy and I must trust vnto?
Brand. I tell thee true, compassion is my foe:
Yet haue I had of thee compassion.
Take in thy childe: as I haue faith or troth,
Thou and thy boy shall be but prisoners:
And I must daily bring you meat and drinke.
La. Well thou hast sworn: and God so giue thee light,
As in this darke place thou remembrest vs.
Poore heart, thou laugh'st, and hast not wit to thinke,
Vpon the many feares that me afflict.
I will not in: helpe vs, assist vs Blunt,
We shall be murdred in a dungeon.
Brand. Cry without cause? Ile haue yee by the faith.
La. O let my boy and I but dine with Blunt,
And then I will with patience goe in.
Br. Will ye, or nill yee, zounds, ye must goe in,
And neuer dine.
La. What faith thou? neuer dine?
Bra. No not with Blunt, I meane. Goe in I say:
Or by this hand, yee get no meat to day,
La. My childe is hungry. When shall he haue meat?
Bra. Why, and ye would goe in, immediately.
La. I will goe in: but very much I doubt,
Nor I, nor my poore boy shall ere come out. *Exit*

He seemes to locke a doore.

Br. Here while yee liue, plaugh: now are they sure.
Cry till their harts ake, no man can them heare.
A miserable case his family ment:
But what care I? the king commaunded me.

Alarum.

Alarum within: excursions. Enter *Fitzwater*, *Bruse*.

Fitz. Now doth faire fortune offer hope of speede:
But howsoere we speede: good cosin Bruse,
March with three hundred bowes & pikes to Windsor,
Spreading a rumour that the day is ours:
As ours it shall be, with the helpe of heauen.
Blunt loues our part farre better than the kings:
And will, I gage my life, vpon the newes,
Surrender vp the Castle to our vse.
By this meanes shall you helpe vs to a holde,
How ere it chance, set free your Lady mother
That liues in prison there, with your young brother.

Br. Away good vnkle, to the battel goe:
But that a certaine good insues I knowe,
For all the world, I would not leaue you so.

Fitz. Away, away.
God send thee Windsor: vs this happie day.

Alarum still. Enter *Hughbert*.

Hu. You cannot hide your selfe Matilda: no disguise
Will serue the turne: now must you to the king:
And all these warres will with your presence cease.
Yield you to him, hee soone will yield to peace.

Ma. They say thou took'st some pittie of a childe,
The king appointing thee to feare his eyes.
Then doe report thee to be iust of word,
And a deare louer of my Lord the king.
If thou dost that if thou be one of these:
Pittie Matilda, prostrate at thy feete.

Hugh. I saw'd young Arthurs eyes, and pittie thee:
My word is iust, which I haue giuen the king.
The king I loue: and thee I knowe he loues.
Compare these: then how can I pleasure thee?

Ma. By letting me escape to Dunmow Abbey,
Where I will end my life a votary.

Hu. And the king die with doting on thy loue.
Mat. No, no: this fire of luſt would be ſoone laide,
If once he knewe me ſworne a holy maid.
Hu. Thy teares and loue of vertue haue the power
To make me, at an inſtant, true and falſe:
True to diſtreſſed beautie and rare chaſtitie:
Falſe to king Iohn, that holds the ſight of thee
Dearer than England, or earths Emperie.
Goe happie ſoule, that in ſo ill an age,
Haſt ſuch faire beautie for thy heritage:
Yet goe not ſo alone. Doſt heare tall ſouldier?
Call a Souldier.
I know thee honeſt: guide this gentle maid,
To Dunmow Abbey: ſhe is one I knowe.
I will excuſe thee and content thee well.
My ſigne t take, that yee may paſſe vnſearcht.
Mat. Kinde Hubert, many prayers, for this good deede,
Shall on my beads be daily numbered.
¶ Enter *Leſter*, *Richmond*, *Fitzwater*.
Leſt. O trebble heat of honour, ſpyle and rage!
How cheeres earle Richmond?
Fitzwater, ſpeake old man.
We are now neere together; anſwere mee.
Fitz. Leſter, the more our woe,
The likelier to be taken by the foe.
Rich. O let not ſuch a thought abuſe thy age:
Weele neuer yield vs to the tyrants rage.
Fitz. But if my girle be yielded,
Leſt. If ſhe be.
Fitz. I, I: theres no man but ſhall haue his time to dy.
Leſt. Now is our howre: which they ſhall dearly buy.

¶ Enter king, *Hugh*, *Cheſter*, *Mowbray*.
Rich. Leſter, weele ſtand like three Battalions:
What ſaies our noble Generall thereto?

Fitz.

Fitz. Why, I say doe: while I can, Ile keepe my place with you.

King. How now my bug-beare, will ye now submit?

Lest. To death, but not to thee.

Kin. Richmond, not you?

Rich. Earle Richmond will not yield.

K. Me thinkes Fitzwater, you should haue more wit.

Fitz. If it be wit to liue, I haue no will:
And so in this, my will orerules my wit.

Ki. Alarum then, with weapons will (wit.
We scourge your desperate will, and teach yee to haue

Fight: driue back the king.

Withdrawe.

K. Of high heroicke spirits be they all:
We will withdrawe a little and conferre:
For they are circled round, and cannot scape.

Rich. O that we three, who in the sunne arise,
Were (like the three Triumuirates of Rome)
Guide of an hoast, able to vanquish Rome,
Are now alone, inclos'd with enemies.

Fitz. The glorie of the world hath no more stay:
But as it comes, it fleetes, and fades away.

Lest. Courage, and let vs die; they come againe:
Its Lord Hugh Burgh alone, *Hughberr*, what newes?

Hu. This daies fierce slaughter, Iohn, our King, laments:
And to you three, great leaders of an hoast,
That now haue not a man at all to leade:
You worthie captaines without companies

Lest. Fitzwater, Richmond; by the blessed Sunne,
Lord *Hubert* mocks vs.

Hu. By the Moone I doe not, and put the blessed too't.
It is as good an oath as you haue sworne.
My heart grieues, that so great hearts, as yours be,
Should put your fortunes on a sort of slaues,
That bring base feare within them to the field:

But to the matter. Sith your state is such,
That without mercie you are sure of death
(Which I am sure, and wel his Highnesse knowes,
You doe not feare at all) yet he giues grant,
On iust conditions you shall saue your liues.
Fitz. On no condition will I saue my life,
Except Matilda be returnd againe,
Unblemisht, unabus'd; and then I yield.
Hugh. She now is where she neuer will returne,
Fitz. Neuer? O God! is my Matilda dead?
Hugh. Deade to the world: dead to this woe she is.
She liues at Dunmow, and is vowd a Nunne.
Fitz. Doe not delude me Hubert, gentle sonne.
Hugh. By all the faith and honour of my kin:
By my vnstain'd allegiance to the king:
By my owne word, that hath reprooueles bin,
She is at Dunmow.
Fitz. O, how came she there?
Hu. When all these fields were walks for rage & fear
(This, howling like a head of hungry wolues:
That, scudding as a heard affrighted deere)
When dust arising like a cole blacke fogge,
From friend diuided friend, loynd foe to foe:
Yet neither those, nor these could either know,
Til here and there through large wide mouthed woūds
Proud life, euen in the glozie of his heat,
Losing possession, belcht forth streames of blood:
Whose spouts in falling, made ten thousand drops,
And with that purple shower the dust alaid:
At such a time met I the trembling maid,
Seeming a doue, from all her fellowes parted.
Seene, knowne, and taken: vnseene & vnknowne,
To any other that did knowe vs both,
At her entreats I sent her safely guided,
To Dunmow Abbey: and the guide returnd,

At-

Aſſures me ſhe was gladfully receiu'd,
Pitied: and in his ſight did take her oath.
Fitz. Hubert, for this thy honourable deede,
I and my houſe will reuerence thy name.
Hu. Yet, I beſeech you, hide it from the King:
At leaſt that I conuaid her to the place.
Enter King, *Mombray, Cheſter,*
Fitz. Hubert, I will.
Ki. What, ſtand they ſtill on tearmes?
Leſt. On honourable tearmes, on tearms of right.
Our liues without our libertie we ſcorne.
King. You ſhall haue life and libertie, I ſweare.
Leſt. Then *Leſter* bowes his knee to his liege Lord,
And humbly begs his Highneſſe to beware
Of wronging innocence, as he hath done.
Rich. The like Richmond deſires; & yields his ſword.
Kin. I doe imbrace ye both, and hold my ſelfe
Richer by a whole Realm, in hauing you.
Fitz. Much is my wrong: yet I ſubmit with theſe,
Begging free-leaue, to liue a priuate life.
King. Old brands of malice in thy boſome reſt.
Thou ſhalt haue leaue to leaue mee, neuer doubt.
Fitzwater, ſee thou ſhippe thee ſtraight for France,
And neuer ſet thy foote on Engliſh ſhore,
Till I repeale thee. Goe, goe hence in peace.
Leſt. Why doth your Highneſſe wrong Fitzwater thus?
King. I right his wrong; he's wearie of the land.
Rich. Not of the land, but of a publike life.
Kin. Content ye Lords: in ſuch quick times as theſe,
We muſt not keepe a drone among our bees.
Fitz. I am as glad to goe, as you to ſend:
Yet I beſeech this fauour of your Grace,
That I may ſee Matilda ere I part.
Ki. Matilda? See Matilda, if thou canſt
Before Sunne ſet; ſtay not another day.

The Abbey wals, that ſhowd my happy child,
Appeare within her hapleſſe fathers ſight.
Farewell my Soueraigne. Leſter, Richmond, Lords:
Farewell to all: griefe giues no way to words.
King. Fitzwater ſtay: Lords, giue vs leaue a while.
Hubert, goe you before vnto the Abbeſſe,
And ſignifie our comming; let her bring
(*Exit Hubert.*)
Matilda to her father. Come old man;
Be not too froward, and we ſhall be friends.
About this girle our mortall iarres began:
And if thou wilt, here all our quarrell ends.
Fitz. Reſerue my honour, and my daughters fame,
And no poore ſubiect that your Grace commands,
Shall willinger ſubmit, obey, and ſerue.
K. Do then but this; perſwade thy beautious child,
To leaue the Nunry and returne to Court:
And I protеſt from henceforth to forſweare
All ſuch conceipts of luſt as I haue borne.
Fitz. I will, my Lord, doe all that I may doe:
But giue me leaue, in this, to doubt of you.
K. This ſmall thing graunt, and aſke me any thing:
Or elſe die in exile, loath'd of the King.
Fitz. You ſhall perceiue I will doe what I may.
Enter, on the wall, Abbeſſe, Matilda.
Hu. Matilda is afraid to leaue the houſe:
But loe, on yonder battlement ſhe ſtands:
But in no caſe will come within your hands.
K. What? will my Lady Abbeſſe warres with vs:
Speake Ladie; wherefore ſhut you vp your gates?
Ab. Haue we not reaſon, when an hoaſt of men,
Hunt and purſue religious chaſtitie?
King Iohn, bethinke thee what thou tak'ſt in hand,
On paine of interdiction of thy Land.
Murderers and fellons may haue ſanctuary:

And

And shall not honorable maids distrest,
Religious virgins, holy Nunnes prophest,
Haue that small priuiledge? Now out vpon thee, out.
Holy Saint Catherine shield my virginitie:
I neuer stoode in such extreamitie.

Hu. My Lord, the Abbesse lyes, I warrant you:
For I haue heard, there is a Monke of Bury,
That once a weake comes thither to make merry.

Kin. Content thee Hubert, that same monke and she,
And the worst come, my instruments shall be.
Good Ladie Abbesse, feare no violence:
There's not one here shall offer you offence. (staid-

Fitz. Daughter, all this while teares my speach haue
My Lord the King: Lords all draw neare I pray:
And heare a poore mans parting from his childe.

Matilda, still my vnstaind honours ioy,
Faire Ornament of old Fitzwaters coat,
Borne to rich fortunes, did not this ill age
Bereaue thee of thy birth-rights heritage.
Thou seest our Soueraigne, Lord of both our liues,
A long besieger of thy chastitie,
Hath scattred all our forces, slaine our friends,
Raced our Castles, left vs nere a house
Wherein to hide vs from his wrathfull eye:
Yet God prouides; France is appointed meet:
And thou find'st house-roome in this Nunry.
Here if the king should vote, as he hath done,
Its sacrilege to tempt a holy Nunne:
But I haue hope he will not: yet my feare
So drownes my hope, as I am forst to stay,
And leaue abruptly, what I more would say.

Mat. O goe not yet, my grieu'd hearts comforter,
I am as valiant to resist desire,
As euer thou wert worthie in the field.
Iohn may attempt: but if Matilda yield,

Other.

Fitz. Then Matilda, thou doſt looſe
The former glorie of thy chaſt reſolues.
Theſe ſeauen years haſt thou bin a Martyrs paines,
Reſiſting in thy ſelfe luſt-growing fire:
For being mortall, ſure thou hadſt deſire.
And fiue ſad winters haue their full courſe runne,
Since thou didſt bury noble Huntington.
In theſe years, many months, and many daies,
Haue bene conſum'd, thy vertues to conſume:
Gifts haue bene heralds, Pandars did preſume
To tempt thy chaſt eares, with their vnchaſt tongues:
All in effect, working to no effect.
For I was ſtill the watchman of thy bower,
The keeper of fowle wormes, from my faire flower:
But now, no more, no more Fitzwater may
Defend his poore Lambe, from the Lyons prey:
Thy order and thy holy prayers may.
To helpe thee, thou haſt priuiledge by lawe:
Therefore be reſolute, and nobly die,
Abhorre baſe luſt, defend thy chaſtitie.

K. Diſpatch Fitzwater, hinder not thy childe:
Many preferments doe on her awaite.

Fitz. I grieue, I know thou ſhalt be offerd wealth
(Which is a cheewde inticement in ſad want)
Great honours to lift vp thy lowe eſtate,
And glorious titles to eternize thee.
All theſe doe but guild ouer vgly ſhame:
Such wealth, my child, forerunns releaſeleſſe neede:
Such honour euer prooues diſhonourate.
For titles, none comes neare a vertuous name:
O keepe it euer, as thou haſt done yet.
And though theſe darke times ſhould forget thy praiſe,
An age will come, that ſhall eternize it.
Bid me farewell, and ſpeake it in a word.

Ma-

Ma. Farewell deare father.

Fitz. Oh farewell ſweete childe.

My Liege farewell: Leſter, Richmond, *Hughbert*,
Cheſter, and Mowbray: friends and foes farewell.
Matilda, ſee thou keepe thy ſpotleſſe fame,
And liue eternizd; els die ſoone with ſhame. Exit.

Na. Amen, amen: father, adieu, adieu:
Griefe dwels with mee, ſweete comfort follow you.

Ab. Come daughter come: this is a woefull night,
When good endeauours are oppreſt by might.

Exeunt from aboue, Abbeſſe, Matilda.

K. Ah *Hubert*, ſeeſt thou not the ſunne go downe,
Clowdy and darke? Matilda, ſtay one word.
She ſhakes her head, and ſcornefully ſaies nay.

Rich. How cheer'ſt thou Leſter?

Leſt. Bad man, at my fate:
That cannot raiſe true honour ruinate.

Enter Meſſenger.

King. I will not be diſdeigned: I vowe to ſee
Quick vengeance on this girle, for ſcorning me.

Meſſ. Young Bruſe, my Lord, hath gotten Windſor caſtle,
Slaine Blunt your Conſtable, and thoſe that kept it:
And finding in a tower his mother dead,
With his young brother ſtarv'd and famiſhed:
That every one may ſee the rufull ſight,
In the thick wall he a wide windowe makes:
And as he found them, ſo he lets them be
A ſpectacle to every commer by,
That heauen and earth, your tyrant ſhame may ſee.
All ye ople curſing, crying fie vpon
The tyrant mercileſſe, inhumane Iohn.

Ki. Cheſter, and Mowbray, march away to Windſor:
Suppreſſe that traitor Bruſe. What if his dam,
In wilfull fury, would receiue no meat,
Nor ſuffer her young childe any to eat,
Is it our fault? Haſte yee with ſpeede away,

And we will followe: goe, be gon I pray. *Exit*, Ch. Now,
Hu. O black and wofull deede! O pittious thing,
When slaues attend the fierce thoughts of a king.
Lest. My Lord, shall we goe too?
Kin. Lester and Richmond, I: I pray yee doe.
Lest. Get I my Beare & ragged staffe once more
Raisd in the field, for these wrongs some shall roare.
Exit Richmond, Lester.
K. Fetch in the Monke of *Bury*, that I talkt of,
Exit Hubert, for the Monke.
And bid Will Brand, my instrument of death,
Come likewise in. Conuert, to raging hate,
Monke, *Hugh*, *Brand*, enter.
My long reuited loue. Welcome good Monke.
Mon. Thanks to my Liege.
K. Thou hast bene long in sute,
To be installed Abbot of your house:
And in your fauour many friends haue stird,
Now is the howre that you shall be preferd,
Upon condition, and the matter small.
Short chrift to make, good honest Confessor,
I loue a faire Nunne, now in Dunmow Abbey,
The Abbesse loues you, and you pleasure her.
Now if, betweene you two, this prettie Ladie
Could be perswaded to affect a king,
Your sute is graunted; and on *Dunmowe* Abbey,
I will bestowe a hundred markes a yeare.
Mon. A holy Nunne, a young Nunne, and a Lady.
Deare ware my Lord; yet bid you well as may be:
Strike hands; a bargaine, she shall be your owne:
Or if she will not
Ki. Nay, if she doe refuse,
Ile send a deaths-man with you, this is hee:
If she be wilfull, leaue her to his hands:
And on her owne head be her halted end.

Mon. The matter ſhall be done.

K. Sirra, what poyſons haue you readie?

Brand. Store, ſtore.

K. Awaite on the monke then, and ere we take horſe,
Ile giue you ſuch inſtructions as you neede.
Hughbert, prepare to Windſor with our hoaſt.

Exit King, Monke.

Hu. Your tyrannies haue loſt my loue almoſt:
And yet I cannot chuſe but loue eternally
This wanton king, repleat with crueltie.
O how are all his princely vertues ſtaind,
With luſt abhorred and laſciuious heate!
Which kindling firſt to fire, nowe in a flame,
Shewes to the whole world clearely his fowle ſhame.
To quench this flame, full many a tide of teares,
Like ouerflowing full ſeas, haue bene ſpent:
And many a dry land drunke with humane blood;
Yet nothing helps his paſſions violent:
Rather they adde oyle to his raging fire,
Heate to his heate, deſire to his deſire.
Somewhat I feare, is now a managing.
For that prodigious bloodie ſtigmatique,
Is neuer cald vnto his kingly ſight,
But like a Comet he portendeth ſtill
Some innouation, or ſome monſtrous act,
Cruell, vnkindly, horrid, full of hate:
As that vile deede at Windſor, done of late.
Gentle Matilda ſome what I miſtruſt:
Yet thee I neede not feare, ſuch is his loue;
Againe, the place doth giue thee warrantiſe:
Yet I remember when his Highneſſe ſaid,
The luſtfull monke of *Bury* ſhould him aid:
I ſo it is; if ſhe haue any ill,
Through ſlewd haueling will her ſhame be wrought.
If it ſo chaunce, Matildaes guiltleſſe wo-

Will with the losse of many a life be bought.
But Hubert will be still his dread Lords friend,
Howeuer he deserues, his maker serue:
Though he neglect, him will not I neglect:
Whoeuer failes him, I will Iohn affect.
For though kings fault in many a foule offence,
Subiects must sue, not mend with violence. Exit.

Enter *Oxford*, Queene.

Ox. Now by my faith, you are too blame Madame:
Euer tormenting euer vexing you?
Cease off these fretting humours, pray yee doe.
Griefe will not mend it, nought can pleasure you,
But patient suffering: nor by your Graces leaue,
Haue you such cause to make this hue and cry
After a husband; you haue not in good sooth.
Yearely a childe? this payment is not bad.
Content faire Queene, and do not think it strange,
That kings doe sometimes seeke delight in change:
For now and then, I tell you, poore men range.
Sit downe a little, I will make you smile.
Though I be now like to the snowie Alpes,
I was as hot as AEtna in my youth:
All fire yfaith, true heart of oake, right steele,
A ruffian Ladie: often for my sporte,
I to a lodge of mine did make resort.
To die we my deere I said; deare God can tell,
It was my keepers wife, whome I lou'd well.
My Countesse (God be with her) was a shrowe,
As women be, your Maiestie doth knowe:
And some odde pickthanke put it in her head,
All was not well: but such a life I led,
And the poore keeper, and his smooth'd face wife,
That will I, nill I, there she might not hide:
But for the people I did well prouide:

And

And by gods mother, for my Ladies ſpight,
I trickt her in her kinde, I ſerv'd her right.
Were ſhe at London, I the country kept;
Come thither, I at London would ſojourne:
Came ſhe to court, from court I ſtraight way ſtept:
Return, I to the court would backe returne.
Se this way, that way, every way ſhe went,
I ſtill was retrograde, ſeld oppoſite:
Till at the laſt, by mildeneſſe and ſubmiſſion,
We met, kiſt, ioyn'd, and here left all ſuſpition.

Qu. Now out vpon you Vere, I would haue thought,
The world had not contain'd a chaſter man.

Ox. Now, by my fay, I will be ſworne, I am.
In all I tell you, I confeſſe no ill,
But that I curb'd a froward womans will:
Yet had my keepers wife bene of my minde,
There had bene cauſe ſome fault with vs to finde:
But I proteſt, her noes and napes were ſuch,
That for my life ſhe euer kept goe much.

Qu. You would take nay: but our king Iohn kaies no:
No nay, no anſwere will ſuffice his turne:
He, for he cannot tempt true chaſtitie,
Filles all the Land with hoſtile crueltie.
Is it not ſhame, he that ſhould puniſh ſinne,
Defend the righteous, helpe the innocent,
Carues with his ſworde, the purpoſe of his will,
Vpon the guarders of the vertuous,
And hunts admired ſpotleſſe maiden-head,
With all the darts of deſolation,
Becauſe ſhe ſcorneth to be diſſolute.
Me, that he leaues, I doe not murmur at:
That he loues her, doth no whit me perplex,
If ſhe did loue him, or my ſelfe did hate:
But this alone is it that me doth vex,
He leaues me that loues him, and her purſues,

That loath him and loues me: how can I chuſe,
But ſadly grieue, and mourne in my greene youth?
When nor of her, nor mee he taketh ruthe.
Ox. Ha doue, good Queene, for gods good loue, ha don.
This raging humour will no doubt be ſtaid.
Vertuous Matilda is profeſt a Nunne:
Within a mile, at Dunmow liues the maid:
God will not ſuffer any thing ſo vile:
Hee will not ſure, that he ſhould her defile.
Qu. Nor Church, nor chappell, Abbey, Nunry,
Are priuiledg'd from his intemperance.
But leaue we him, and let vs, I entreat,
Goe viſit faire Matilda: much I am
In debt vnto the maide.
Ox. You are indeede.
You wrongd her, when with blowes you made her bleed.
But if you pleaſe to viſit her, faire dame,
Our coach is readie: we will ſoone be there.
Qu. Thanks Oxford; and with vs I meane to beare
The beautious garland, ſent me out of Spaine:
Which I will offer in the Abbey chappell:
As witneſſe of Matildaes chaſtitie:
Whom while I liue, I euer vow to loue,
In recompence of rash and cauſeleſſe wrong.

Enter Brand ſolus, with cuppe, bottle of poyſon.

Brand. Good, by this hand: exceeding, paſſing good.
The dog no ſooner dranke it, but, yugh, yugh quoth he:
So grins me with his teeth: lyes downe, and dies.
Yughh quoth I: by gogs bloud goe thy waies:
Of all thy line and generation,
Was neuer dog ſo worſhipt as thou art.
For ere thou di'dſt, thou wert an officer:
I ly not, by theſe nailes, a ſquires place:
For the vile cur became a counteſſe taſter.
So dyed the dog. Now in our next account

The

The Counteſſe comes, lets ſee a Counteſſe & a Nunne.
Why ſo: why ſo?
What would ſhe haue the whole world quite vndone?
Weele meete her for that trick. What, not a king?
Hanging's too good for her; I am but a plaine knaue,
And yet ſhould any of theſe no forſooths,
Theſe pray awayes, theſe trip and goes, theſe tits,
Deny mee: now by theſe:
A plague vpon this bottle and this cup:
I cannot act mine oath: but too't againe.
By theſe ten ends of fleſh and blood, I ſweare:
Firſt with this hand, wound thus about her haire,
And with this dagger luſtilie lambackt:
I would ſtaith, I, by my villany,
I would: but here, but here ſhe comes,
Led by two doctors in ſweete letchery:
If they ſpeede, with my poyſon I goe by;
If not, haue at you maid: then ſteppe in I.

Enter Matilda, betweene the Monke and the Nunne.

Mon. And as I ſaide, faire maid, you haue done well,
In your diſtreſſe, to ſeeke this holy place:
But tell me truely, how doe you expell
The rage of luſt-ariſing heat in you?
Ma. By prayer, by faſting, by conſidering
The ſhame of ill, and meede of doing well.
Ab. But daughter, daughter, tell me in my eare,
Haue you no fleſhly fightings now and then? whiſper.
Brand. Fleſhly quoth you? a maid of threeſcore yeare,
And fleſhly fightings ſticking in her teeth?
Well wench, th'art matcht ſtaith.
Ab. You doe confeſſe the king hath tempted you,
And thinking now and then on gifts and ſtate,
A glowing heat hath proudly puft you vp:
But thanks to God, his Grace hath done you good.

Mon. Who, the kings Grace?
Ma. No: Gods Grace, holy monke. (maid.
Mo. The kings Grace faine would do you good, faire
Ma. Ill good: he meanes my fame to violate.
Ab. Well, let that be.
Br. Good hand, good mother B.
How faine you would that that good deed should be?
Ab. I was about to say some what vpon a thing. O thus
We maids that all the day are occupied, (it is.
In labour and chaste hallowed exercise,
Are nothing so much tempted while day lasts,
As we are tried and procured in the night.
Tell mee Matilda, had you since you came,
No dreames, no visions, nothing worth the note?
Ma. No, I thanke God.
Ab. Truly you will, you will;
Except you take good heede and bleſſe your ſelfe.
For if I lie but on my backe a while,
I am past recouery, sure of a bad dreame.
You see yon reuerend Monke: now God he knowes,
I loue him dearer for his holineſſe:
And I beleeue the diuell knowes it too:
For the foule fiend comes to me many a night,
As like the monke, as if he were the man.
Many a hundred nights, the Nuns haue ſeene:
Pray, cry, make croſſes, doe they what they can.
Once gotten in, then doe I fall to worke,
My holy water bucket being neere hand,
I whiſper ſecret ſpelles, and coniure him,
That the foule fiend hath no more powre to ſtand:
He downe, as I can quickly get him laid,
I bleſſe my ſelfe, and like a holy maid,
Turne on my right ſide: where I ſleepe all night,
Without more dreames, or troubling of the ſpright.
Fran. An Abbeſſe by the croſſe of my good blade,

An

An excellent mother to bring vp a maid,
For mee I meane, and my good master, Iohn:
But neuer any for an honest man. Coughs.
Now fie vpon that word of honestie:
Passing my throat, 'thad almost choked me:
Sblood I le forsweare it for this tricke.
Mon. We trifle time. Faire maid, its thus in briefe.
This Abbey by your meanes may haue releefe:
An hundred markes a yeare: answere I pray,
What will you doe herein?
Ma. Euen all I may.
Ab. Its charitably spoken, my faire childe:
A little thing of yours, a little helpe
Will serue the turne, learne but to beare, to beare
The burden of this world, and it will doe.
Bra. Well goe thy wayes: Is this no baud think you?
Ma. Madam, the heauie burden of the world
Hath long oppressed mee.
Ab But not prickt you right:
Now shall you beare a burden farre more light.
Ma. What burden bearing: whereto tends this talke?
Mon. To you, to vs, this Abbey and King Iohn.
Ma. O God forefend he should be thought vpon.
Mon Lady make short, the King must lie with you.
Ma. With me, with me?
First turns to the Monke, then to the Abbesse.
Ab. Sweete neuer looke so strange:
He shall come closely, no bodie shall see.
Ma. How can he come, but one hath eyes to see?
Mon. Your chamber windowes shall be shadowed.
Mar. But no baile from my conscience shadowes me.
Ab. And all the Nunnes sent quietly to bed.
Ma. But they will rise, and, by my blushing red,
Quickly giue gueese of my lost maidenhead.
Bra. She goes pfaith, by God she is their owne.
Mo. Be not so nice, the sin is veniall:

Conſidering you yield for charitie,
And by your fall, the Nunnery ſhall riſe.
Ab. Regard good counſell daughter, pray be wiſe.
Mon. Come, here's a ſtirre: will doe wench? will it? no?
Ab. Say I, ſay I, forget the ſound of no:
Or elſe ſay no and take it: wilt thou ſo?
Mat. Doe you intend thus lewdely as you ſpeake?
Br. I by gogs bloode do they: & moppet, you were beſt
To take their proffers, leaſt if they forſake you,
I play the diuels part, ſtep in and take you.
Mat. Some holy water, helpe me bleſſed Nunnes.
Two damn'd ſpirits, in religious weeves,
Attempt to tempt my ſpotleſſe chaſtitie:
And a third diuell gaping for my ſoule,
With horrid ſtarings, gaſtly frighteth me.
Ab. You may call while you will: but maid liſt what
Or be aſſur'd this is your dying day. (we ſay,

Drawes a Crucifix.

Mat. In his name that did ſuffer for my ſinne,
And by this bleſſed ſigne, I coniure you:
Depart fowle fiends, returne from whence yee came:
Auoide yee fiends, and ceaſe to trouble mee. (rer?
Brand. Zounds, ſhe thinks vs diuels. Heare you coniu-
Except you vſe that tricke, to coniure downe
The ſtanding ſpirit of my Lord the King,
That your good mother there, the Abbeſſe vſes,
To coniure downe the ſpirit of the Monke,
Not all your croſſes haue the power to bleſſe
Your bodie from a ſharpe and ſpeedie death.
Ma. Are ye not fiends, but mortall bodies then?
Feeles them all. (men.
Brand. Maid, maid: catch lower, when you feele yong
Sblood, I was neuer taken for the diuell till now?
Ma. O where ſhall chaſtitie haue true defence,
When Churchmen lay this ſiege to innocence?

Where

Where shall a maid haue certaine sanctuary,
When Ladie Lustrules all the Nunnery?
Now fie vpon yee both, false seeming Saints,
Incarnate diuels, diuelish hypocrites.
A cowled Monke, an aged vailed Nunne,
Become base Pandars! and with lustful speach,
Assaie the chast eares of true maidenhead!
Now fie vpon this age, would I were deade.
Monk. Come leaue her Ladie; she shall haue her wish.
Ab. Spede her I pray thee; should the baggage liue,
Sheele slaunder all the chaste Nunnes in the Land.
Exeunt Monke, Abbesse.
Bra. Well, well, goe get you two vnto your coniuring:
Let me alone to lay her on gods ground.
Ma. Why dost thou stay?
Bra. Why maid, because I must:
I haue a message to you from the king.
Ma. And thou art welcome to his humble maid,
I thought thee to be grim and fierce at first:
But now thou hast a sweete aspect, milde lookes.
Art thou not come to kill me from the king?
Brand. Yes.
Ma. And thou art welcom, euen the welcom'st man,
That euer came vnto a woefull maid.
Be briefe goodfellow: I haue in the world,
No goods to giue, no will at all to make:
But Gods will and the kings on me be done.
A little money kept to giue in almes,
I haue about mee, deaths-man take it all:
Thou art the last poore alms-man I shall see.
Come, come, dispatch: what weapon will death weare,
When he assailes mee? Is it knife, or sworde?
A strangling cord, or sodaine flaming fire?
Bran. Neither, thou manly maid: looke here, looke here:
A cup of poyson. Wherefore dost thou smile?

Mat. O God, in this the king is mercifull.
My deare lord Huntington by poyson dyed.
Good fellow, tell the king I thanke his Grace,
And doe forgiue his causelesse cruelitie,
I doe forgiue thee too: but doe aduise
Thou leaue this bloodie course, and seeke to saue
Thy soule immortall, closed in thy breast:
Giues it her.
Be briefe I pray thee: now to King Iohns health
A full carouse; and god remember not
The curse he gaue himselfe at Robins death,
Wishing by poyson he might end his life,
If euer he solicited my loue.
Farewell good fellowe, now thy medicine worke,
And with the labour, I am forced to rest.
Bra. Sounds she cares not, she makes death a iest.
Mat. The guiltlesse feare not death. Farewel good friend
I pray thee be no trouble in my end.
He stands staring and quaking.
Enter Oxford, Queene, Abbesse, attendants.
Ox. And say you Ladie Abbesse that there came
One from the King vnto her? what was hee?
Ab. Ponder he stands, I know not what he is.
Still he stands staring.
Q. Iesus haue mercy. Oxford, come not nigh him.
Ox. Not nigh him Madame? yes: keepe you away.
Ab. Come in good Queene: I doe not meane to stay.
Exit Ab.
Nor I to stirre, before I see the end.
Ox. Why staredst thou thus? speake fellow, answer me,
Who art thou?
Bra. A bloodie villaine, and a murderer.
A hundred haue I slaine with mine owne hands.
Twas I that slew the Ladie Bruse to death,
And her young sonne, at Windsor Castle late.

If

Tis I haue slaine Matilda, blessed maid,
And now will hurry to damnations mouth,
Forst by the gnawing worme of conscience Runs in.
Ox. Held him for gods sake: stay the desperate wretch.
Ma. O some good pittying man compassionate
That wretched man, so woefull desperate:
Saue him for gods sake: he hath set me free,
From much worlds woe, much wrong, much miserie.
Qu. I heare thy tongue, true perfect charitie.
Chaste maide, faire maide, looke vp and speake to mee.
Ma. Whose here? my gratious soueraigne Isabell?
I will take strength and kneele. girle,
Qu. Matilda sit, Ile kneele to thee. Forgiue me, gētle
My most vngentle wrongs.
Ma. Faire beautious Queene,
I giue god thankes, I doe not thinke on wrongs.
Ox. How now Fitzwaters childe? how dost thou girle?
Ma. Well, my good Lord of Oxford: prettie well:
A little trauell more, and I shall rest:
For I am almost at my iorneyes end.
O that my head were rais'd a little vp:
My drouse head, whose dim decaying lights,
Assure me it is almost time to sleep.
Raise her heade.
I thanke your Hignesse, I haue now some ease.
Be witnesse, I beseech your Maiestie,
That I forgiue the King, with all my heart:
With all the little of my liuing heart,
That giues me leaue to say, I can forgiue:
And I beseech high heauen he long may liue
A happie King, a king beloou'd and fear'd,
Oxford, for gods sake, to my father write
The latest commendations of his childe:
And say, Matilda kept his Honours charge,
Dying a spotlesse maiden vndefilde,

Bid him be glad, for I am gone to ioy:
I that did turne his weale to bitter woe.
The king and he will quickly now growe friends,
And by their friendshippe much content will growe,
Sinke earth to earth, fade flower, ordaind to fade:
But passe forth soule vnto the shrine of peace,
Beg there attonement may be quickly made.
Faire Queene, kinde Oxford, all good you attend:
Fly forth my soule, heauens king be there thy friend.
Ox. O pittie, mourning sight, age pittilesse:
Are these themessages king Iohn doth send?
Keepe in, my teares, for shame, your conduits keepe,
Sad woe beholding eyes: no, will ye not?
Why, then a Gods name weepe. Sit.
Qu. I cannot weepe for wrath: here, here, take in
The blessed bodie of this noble maid:
In milke white cloathing let the same be laid,
Exeunt with the bodie.
Vpon an open biere, that all may see
King Iohns vnkingly lust and crueltie.
Ox. I, be it so. Your selfe, if so you please,
Will I attend vpon, and both vs waite
On chast Matildaes bodie: which with speede,
To Windsor Castle we will hence conuey:
There is another spectacle of ruth,
Old Bruses famisht Ladie and her sonne.
Qu. There is the king besieging of young Bruse,
His Lords are there: who when they see this sighe,
I know will haue small heart for Iohn to fight.
Ox. But where's the murderer, ha? is not he staid?
Ser. Borne with a violent rage, he climd a tree,
And none of vs could hinder his intent:
But getting to the top boughes, fast he tied
His garters to his necke, and a weake branch,
Which being vnable to sustaine his weight,

Downe

Downe to the ground he fell, where bones and flesh
Lie paſht together, in a poole of bloode.
Ox. Alas for woe; but this is iuſt heauens doome
On thoſe that liue by bloode: in bloode they die.
May an example of it, honeſt friends,
Doe well, take paines, beware of crueltie.
Come Madam, come, to Windſor let vs goe:
And there to *Brules* griefe, adde greater woe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bruſe, vpon the walles.

Bru. Will not my bitter bannings and ſad plaints,
My inke and execrable execrations,
My teares, my prayers, my pittie-mouing mones
Preuaile, thou glorious bright Lampe of the day,
To cauſe thee keepe an obit for their ſoules,
And dwell one month with the Antipodes?
Bright ſunne retire, gylde not this vault of death,
With thy illuſtrate raies: retyre, retyre,
And yield black night thy Empery a while:
A little while, till as my teares be ſpent,
My bloode be likewiſe ſhed in raining drops,
By the tempeſtuous rage of tyrant Iohn.
Learne of thy loue, the morning: ſhe hath wept,
Showers vpon showers, of ſiluer dewie teares.
High trees, lowe plants, and prettie little flowers
Witneſſe her woe: on them her griefe appeares:
And as ſhee dreepes on them, they doe not let,
By droppe and droppe, their mother earth to wet.
See theſe hard ſtones, how faſt ſmall rouelets
Iſſue from them, though they ſeeme iſſueleſſe:
And wet eyed woe on euery thing is viewde:
Saue in thy face that ſmil'ſt at my diſtreſſe.
O doe not drinke their teares thus greedily:
Yet let the mornings mourning garment dwell
Vpon the ſad earth. Wilt thou not, thou churle?

Then ſurfet with thy exhalations ſpeedily:
For all earths venemous infecting wormes
Haue belcht their ſeuerall poyſons on the fields,
Mixing their ſimples in thy compound draught.
Well Phœbus well, drinke on I ſay, drinke on:
But when thou doſt ingorge thee, grant me this,
Thou power thoſe poyſons on the head of Iohn.

Drum. Enter *Cheſter*, *Mowbray*, Souldiers: *Leſter*, *Richmond* at an other: Souldiers.

Bru. How now my Lords: were ye laſt night ſo pleaſd
With the beholding of that propertie,
Which Iohn and other murderers haue wrought,
Upon my ſtarued mother and her ſonne:
That you are come againe? Shall I againe
Set open ſhop, ſhew my dead ware, deare bought,
Of a relentleſſe merchant that doth trade
In the red ſea, ſwolne mightie with the blood
Of noble, vertuous, harmeleſſe innocents?
Whoſe cole black veſſell is of Ebonie,
Their ſhrouds & tackle (wrought & wou'n by wrong)
Stretcht with no other gale of winde, but griefe:
Whoſe ſighes with full blaſts beateth on her ſhrouds:
The Maſter murder is, the Pilot ſhame,
The Mariners rape, theft, and periury:
The burden, tyrannous oppreſſion,
Which howerly he in England doth vnlade:
Say, ſhall I open ſhop, and ſhewe my wares?
Leſt. No, good Lord Bruſe, we haue enough of that.
Drum: Enter king, *Hubert*, Souldiers.
Ki. To Windſor welcome, Hubert: Soft me thinks
Bruſe and our Lords are at a parly now?
Br. Cheſter and Mowbray, you are Iohns ſworne friends:
Will you ſee more? Speake, anſwere me my Lords:

I am no niggard, you shall haue your fill.
Both. We haue too much, and surfet with the woe,
Br. Are you all full? Here comes a rauening kite,
That both at quick, at deade, at all will smite.
He shall, he must, I, and bir Lady, may
Commaund me to giue ouer holy day,
And set wide open, what you would not see
Ki. Why stand ye Lords, and see this traitour pearcht,
Upon our Castles battlements so proude?
Come downe young *Bruse*, set ope the castle gates:
Unto thy soueraigne, let thy knee be bow'd,
And mercie shall be giuen to thee and thine,
Br. O miserable thing:
Comes mercie from the mouth of Iohn our king?
Why then belike hell will be pittifull.
I will not ope the gates, the gate I will:
The gate where thy shame, and my sorrowe sits.
See my dead mother, and her famisht sonne:
Open thy tyrants eyes: for to the world,
I will lay open thy fell cruelties.
K. We heard indeede, thy mother and her sonne
In prison dyed, by wilfull famishment.
Br. Sinne doubled vpon sin. Slaunderst thou the dead?
Unwilling willingnesse it shall appeare,
By then I haue produc't, as I will doe,
The iust presumptions gainst your vniust act.
K. Assaile the castle Lords: Alarum drums:
And drown this scriete howls cryes wt your deep sounds.
Lest. I tell thee drummer, if thy drum thou smite,
By heauen, Ile send thy soule to hels darke night.
Hence with thy drum: gods passion, get thee hence:
Be gone I say, moue not my patience. Exit drum.
K. Are you aduised Lester, what you doe?
Lest. I am aduised: for my Soueraigne knowe,
Ther's not a Lord here will lift vp his arme,

Againſt the perſon of yon noble youth,
Till you haue heard the circumſtantiall truth,
By good preſumptions, touching this foule deede.
Therefore goe on young Bruſe, proceede, reſell
The allegation that puts in this doubt,
Whether thy mother through her wilfulneſſe,
Famiſht her ſelfe and her ſweete ſonne, or no:
Br. Unlikely ſuppoſition: nature firſt denies,
That my mother, when her youngling cryes,
If ſhe haue meanes, is ſo vnnaturall
To let it faint and ſtarue. But we will proone
She had no meanes; except this moneſull meane,
This torture of her ſelfe. Come forth, come forth,
Sir William Blunt, whome ſaunder ſaies I ſlewe:
Come tell the king and Lords what you know true.
King. Thou haſt betraid our Caſtle. (report,
Blunt. No: God can tell it was ſurpriz'd by politicke
And affirmation that your Grace was ſlaine.
Rich. Good, ſir William Blunt:
Paſſe briefely to the Ladies famiſhment.
Bl. About ſome ten daies ſince, there came one Brand,
Bringing a ſignet from my Lord the king,
And this commiſſion ſigned with his hand,
Lords looke, and reade the thing.
Commaunding me (as the contents expreſſe)
That I ſhould preſently deliuer vp
The Ladie Bruſe and her young ſonne to him.
Mow. What time a day was this?
Bl. It was, Lord Mowbray, ſome what paſt eleauen.
For we were euen then ſitting downe to dine.
Leſt. But did yee dine?
Bl. The Ladie and her ſonne did not:
Brand would not ſtay.
Bru. No Leſter, no: for here is no ſuch ſigne
Of any meats digeſture.

Rich.

Rich. But by the way. Tell vs I pray you Blunt,
While she remained with you, was she distraught
With griefe, or any other passions violent?
Blu. She now and then would weepe, & often pray,
For reconcilement twixt the king and Lords.
Ches. How to her sonne did she affected stand?
Blu. Affection could not any more affect:
Nor might a mother shewe more mothers loue.
Mowb. How to my Lord the king? (king more:
Bl. O my Lord God! I neuer knewe a subiect loue
She neuer would blin telling how his Grace
Sau'd her young sonne from souldiers, & from fire:
How faire he spake, gaue her her sonne to keepe:
And then, poore Ladie, she would kisse her boy,
Pray for the king so hearty earnestly,
That in pure zeale, she wept most bitterly.
K. I weepe for her, and doe by heauen protest,
I honour'd Bruses wife. How ere that slaue
Rudely effected what I rashly wild;
Yet when he came againe, and I bethought,
What bitter pennance I had put them to,
For my conceiu'd displeasure gainst old Bruse,
I bad the villaine poste and beare them meat:
Which he excus'd, protesting pittie mou'd him
To leaue wine, bread, and other powdred meate,
More than they twaine could in a fortnight eate.
Blu. Indeede, this can I witnesse with the king,
Which argues in that point his innocence:
Brand did beare in a months prouision;
But lockt it like a villaine, farre from them:
And lockt them in a place where no mans eare
Might heare their lamentable wofull mones:
For all the issue both of vent and light,
Came from a louer at the towers toppe,
Till now Lord Bruse made open this wide gappe.

Br. Had I not reaſon, thinke you, to make wiſe
The windowe that ſhould let ſo much woe forth?
Where ſits my mother martyr'd by her ſelfe,
Hoping to ſaue her childe from martyrdome:
Where ſtands my brother martyr'd by himſelfe,
Becauſe he would not taſte his mothers blood.
For thus I gather this: my mothers teeth and chin
Are bloudy with the ſauage cookery,
Which her ſoft heart, through pittie of her ſonne,
Reſpectleſſe, made her practiſe on her ſelfe:
And her right hand, with offring it the child,
Is with her owne pure bloud ſtaind and defilde.
My little brothers lips and chin, alone,
Are tainted with the bloud: but his cauen teeth,
Like orient pearle, or ſnowe-white yuory,
Haue not one touch of bloud, one little ſpot:
Which is an argument the boy would not
Once ſtir his lips, to taſte that bloudy foode,
Our cruell gentle mother miniſtred:
But as it ſeem'd (for ſee, his prettie
Palme is bloody too) he caſt it on the ground.
For on this ſide theſe bleſſed reliques lye,
By famines rage diuided from this ſhrine,
Sad wofull mother in Ieruſalem,
Who when thy ſonne and thou didſt faint for foode,
Burped his ſweete fleſh in thy hungry wombe:
How mercileſſe wert thou, if we compare
Thy fact and this? For my poore Ladie mother
Did kill her ſelfe, to ſaue my dying brother.
And thou vngentle ſonne of Miriam,
Why didſt thou beg life when thy mother lackt?
My little brother George did nobly act
A more couragious part; he would not eat,
Nor beg to liue, it ſeem'd he did not cry:
Fewe teares ſtand on his cheeke, ſmooth is each eye:

But

But when he ſawe my mother bent to die,
He dyed with her: O childiſh valiancie!
Kin-Good *Bruſe* haue done: my heart can not containe
The griefe it holds, my eyes muſt ſhoure down raine.
Leſt. Which ſhowers are euen as good,
As raine in harueſt, or a ſwelling floode
When neighbouring medowes lack the mowers ſithe.

¶ A march for buriall, with drum and fife. Enter *Oxford*, *Matilda* borne with Nuns, one carrying a white pendant. Theſe words writ in golde; *Amoris, Caſtitatis, & Honoris honos.* The Queene following the Biere, carrying a Garland of flowers: ſet it in the midſt of the Stage.

Rich. Liſt Leſter, hearſt thou not a mournfull march?
Leſt. Yes Richmond, and it ſeemeth old de Vere.
Ox. Lords, by your leaue, is not our ſouereign here?
K. Yes good old Awbury.
Ox. Ah my gratious Lord,
That you ſo much your high ſtate ſhould neglect!
Ah god in heauen forgiue this bloudie deede,
Young *Bruſe*, young *Bruſe*, I weepe,
Thy mothers and thy brothers wrong:
Yet to afflict thee more, more griefe I bring.
Br. O honourable Awbery de Vere,
Let ſorrow in a ſable ſute appeare:
Doe not miſſhape her garments, like delight,
If it be griefe, why cloth'ſt thou her in white?
Ox. I cannot tell thee yet: I muſt ſit downe.
Attend young *Bruſe*, and liſten to the Queene:
Sheele not be tongue tyed, we ſhall haue a ſtirre
Anone, I feare, would make a man halfe ſicke.
Qu. Are you here leaft her? O intemperate king,

Wilt thou not ſee mee? come, come, ſhewe your face:
Your Graces graceleſſe, kings, vnkingly face.
What? mute, hands folded, eyes fixt on the earth?
Whoſe turne is next now to be murdered?
The kamiſht Bruſes are on yonder ſide:
On this another, I will name anone:
One for whoſe head this garland I doe beare,
And this faire milke-white ſpotleſſe pendant too.
Looke vp king Iohn, ſee, yonder ſits thy ſhame:
Wonder it lyes: what, muſt I tell her name?
It is Matilda, poyſoned by thee.

Ki. Matilda: O that foule ſwift footed ſlaue,
That kils ere one haue time to bid him ſaue.
Faire gentle girle, vngently made away.

Br. My baniſht vncles daughter, art thou there?
Then I deſie all hope, and ſweare

Leſt. Stay Bruſe, and liſten wel what oath to ſwear.
Lewys the Dolphin, pitying our eſtate,
Is by the Chriſtian king his father, ſent
With aid to helpe vs, and is landed too.
Lords that will fly the denne of cruelty,
And fight to free your ſelues from tyranny,
Bruſe, keepe that Caſtle, to the only vſe
Of our elected king, Lewys of Fraunce.

Oxf. Gods paſſion doe not ſo: king Iohn is here.
Lords, whiſper not with Leſter. Leſter, fie:
Stir not againe regardleſſe mutinie:
Speake to them Hugh: I know thou lou'ſt the king.
Madame, goe to them, nay doe, for gods ſake doe:
Downe with your ſtomacke: for if he goe downe,
You muſt downe too, and be no longer Queene:
Aduiſe you, goe intreat them ſpeedily.
My ſoueraigne, wherefore ſit you ſighing there?
The Lords are all about to followe Lewys:
Vp and intreat them, els they will away.

Kin.

K. Good Oxford let them goe. Why should they ſtay?
Ox. What? are you deſperate? that muſt not be.
Heare me my Lords.
All ſtand in Counſell.
Ki. This pendant let mee ſee.
Amoris, Caſtitatis, & Honoris honos.
She was inder de of London the honour once,
When ſhe was lou'd of bertuous *Huntington*:
Of chaſtitie the honour, all her life:
To impure thoughts ſhe neuer could be wonne.
And ſhe of Honour was the honour too,
By birth, in life, ſhe honour honoured.
Bring in two tapers lighted, quick, diſpatch.
Leſt. Remember Bruſe, thy charge. Come Lords away.
All, but Oxford and *Hugh*.
Away, wee will away.
Bring in two white Tapers.
Ox. Harke *Leſter* but one word, a little ſtay.
Helpe mee good Hubert, helpe me gentle Queene.
Againe conferre.
K. How dim theſe Tapers burne! they giue no light.
Here were two beautious Lamps, ỹ could haue taught
The Sunne to ſhine by day, the Moone by night:
But they are dim too: cleane extinguiſhed.
Away with theſe, ſith thoſe faire lights be dead.
Ox. And as I ſay, harke *Bruſe* vnto our talke.
Thinke you it is for loue of England, Lewis comes?
Nay: Fraunce is not ſo kinde: I would it were.
Aduiſe your ſelues; harke, doſt thou heare me *Bruſe*?
Br. Oxford, I doe.
Ox. Can noble Engliſh hearts beare the French yoke?
No *Leſter*: Richmond thinke on Lewys ſire,
That let you, and your king, in Paleſtine.
Qu. And think beſide, you know not Lewys nature,
Who may be as bad as Iohn, or rather worſe than he.

nu. And looke my Lords vpon his silent woe:
His soule is at the doore of death I knowe.
See how he seekes to suck, if he could drawe,
Poyson from dead Matildaes alhie lips.
Ile be sworne his very heart strings nips.
A vengeance on that slaue, that cursed *Brand*,
Ile kill him if I liue, with this right hand.
Ox. Thou canst not Hubert, he hath kild himselfe:
But to our matter. Lester, pray thee speake.
Young Bruse, for gods sake let vs knowe thy minde.
Bru. I would be loath to be a strangers slaue:
For Englands loue, I would no French king haue.
Lest. Well *Oxford*, if I be deceiu'd in Iohn againe,
Its long of you, Lord *Hubert*, and the Queene.
Yield vp the Castle *Bruse*, weele once more try
King Iohns proceedings. Oxford, tell him so.
Oxford goes to the king, does his duety, and talkes with him.
Br. I will come downe: but first farewell dear mother.
Kisse her.
Farewell poore little George, my pretty brother.
Now will I shut my chambles in againe.
Farewell, farewell.
In euerlasting blisse your sweete soules dwell.
Ox. But you must mend your faith, in faith you must.
Lest. My Lord, once more your subiects do submit,
Beseeching you to thinke how things haue past,
And let some comfort shine on vs your friends,
Through the bright splendour of your vertuous life.
K. I thanke you all; and Lester I protest,
I will be better than I yet haue beene.
Br. Of Windsor Castle here the keyes I yield.
K. Thanks Bruse: forgiue mee, and I pray thee see
Thy mother and thy brother buried,
Bruse offers to kisse Matilda,

In

In Windſor Caſtle Church, Doe, kiſſe her cheeke:
Weepe thou on that, on this ſide I will weepe.
O Chaſte virgine, thus I crowne thee wᵗ theſe flowers.
K. Let vs goe on to Dunmow with this maid:
Among the hallowed Nunnes let her be laide:
Unto her tombe, a monthly pilgrimage
Doth king John vowe in penance for this wrong.
Goe forward maids: on with Matildaes herſe,
And on her Toombe ſee you ingraue this verſe;
Within this Marble monument, dǒth lye
Matilda martyrde, for her chaſtitie. *Exeunt.*

Epilogus.

Thus is *Matildaes* ſtory ſhowne in act,
And rough heawen out by an vncunning hand:
Being of the moſt materiall points compacte,
That with the certainſt ſtate of truth doe ſtand.

FINIS.

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Munday, Anthony
The death of Robert,
Earl of Huntington

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